The Enterprise.

VOL. 7. SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, SAN MATEO COUNTY, CAL., SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1902. NO. 44.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.

6:02 A. M. Daily.
7:26 A. M. Daily except Sunday.
9:26 A. M. Daily.
12:48 P. M. Daily.
4:53 P. M. Daily.
5:54 P. M. Daily.
9:11 P. M. Daily.

SOUTH.

12:20 A. M. Daily.
6:45 A. M. Daily.
7:33 A. M. Daily except Sunday.
12:10 P. M. Daily.
2:33 P. M. Daily except Sunday.
7:03 P. M. Daily.

S. F. and S. M. Electric R. R.

The headway of the San Mateo cars between the Cemeteries and Thirtieth St. and San Jose Ave. is twelve minutes, with the exception of Sundays and holidays, when the headway is arranged to suit the travel.

POST OFFICE.

Postoffice open from 7 a. m., to 7 p. m. Sundays, 8:00 to 9:00 a. m. Money order office open 7 a. m. to 6:30 p. m.

MAILS ARRIVE.

	A. M.	P. M.
From the North	6:45	12:10
" South	—	4:53

MAIL CLOSES.

	A. M.	P. M.
North	8:55	12:25
"		5:20
South	6:15	—

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Episcopal services will be held every Sunday in Grace Church. Morning service at 11 o'clock a. m. Evening service at 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. See local column.

MEETINGS.

Hose Company No. 1 will meet every Friday at 7:30 p. m. at the Court room.

MEETING NOTICE.

Progress Camp, No. 425, Woodmen of the World, meets every Wednesday evening at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

Lodge San Mateo No. 7, Journeymen Butchers' Protective and Benevolent Association, will meet every Tuesday at 8 p. m., at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT
Hon. G. H. Buck.....Redwood City
TREASURER
P. P. Chamberlain.....Redwood City
TAX COLLECTOR
F. M. Granger.....Redwood City
DISTRICT ATTORNEY
J. J. Bullock.....Redwood City
ASSESSOR
C. D. Hayward.....Redwood City
COUNTY CLERK AND RECORDER
M. H. Thompson.....Redwood City
SHERIFF
J. H. Mansfield.....Redwood City
AUDITOR
Geo. Barker.....Redwood City
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS
Miss Etta M. Tilton.....Redwood City
CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR
Jas. Crowe.....Redwood City
SURVEYOR
W. B. Gilbert.....Redwood City

Cub Kangaroo Needed Coaxing.

San Francisco.—A kangaroo that was brought from Sydney on the steamer Sonoma broke from his cage while longshoremen were discharging the ship at Pacific-street wharf, and for an hour or more threw the men into a fever of excitement. Olson, he chief stevedore, ordered a man to go into the dark recess where the kangaroo had taken refuge, and bring it out, and the longshoreman started to obey. He emerged a moment later with the color gone from his face, and claimed that he had been kicked frightfully by the beast. The longshoreman's fellow-workmen laughed at him, and two of them started for the kangaroo, with the remark that the animal was only a cub, and only needed coaxing. The scrambling that followed in the darkness told the men before the two hunters reappeared that the cub was making a good fight. The two longshoremen had to confess that they knew nothing of the ways of a kangaroo, and Olson, the chief stevedore, got mad. Ordering all hands to back him up he advanced toward the kangaroo and threw a line over its head, and before the long-legged jumper knew what had happened he was again a captive in a cage. Along with a female kangaroo and three cubs the animal is bound for the Smithsonian Institute at Washington.

Mysterious Disappearance of a Woman.

San Rafael.—The police are puzzled over the disappearance of Katie White, employed as a cook by Christopher Chisholm, a local contractor, and so far have obtained no clew to her whereabouts. She retired to her room at the usual hour last Friday night, but did not appear the next morning. Pangs of hunger caused the Chisholm family to visit her room, but she was not there. The bed was disturbed, but her clothing, watch and jewelry were where she usually placed them. Not an article of clothing was missing. She is 40 years of age and has no relatives here.

MORE VICTIMS OF THE FAST AUTOMOBILE

Machine Goes Over Embankment While Running at High Speed.

MILLIONAIRE INSTANTLY KILLED.

His Companion Dies in an Hospital—Two Other Persons Receive Serious Injuries in the Disaster.

Long Branch, N. J.—By the flying leap of an automobile from the Park-avenue bridge in Elberon to the road bed of the New York and Long Branch Railroad, thirty-five feet below, two persons were killed and three injured Tuesday. The dead are: Frank J. Matthews, millionaire president of the National Realty Company of Jersey City and Mrs. J. H. Cobb of Richmond, Va. Mrs. W. C. Pizzini, sister-in-law of Mrs. Cobb, also from Richmond, suffered severe internal injuries and has only a fighting chance for life.

Rev. Patrick J. Grant of the Church of St. Paul the Apostle, New York city, was badly bruised and shocked.

The chauffeur, Rudolph Meyers, received slight injuries by jumping from the automobile just before it took its dive. When trying to avoid running down a man in the street, Mr. Matthews turned the automobile to one side just as he was starting up the slope to the bridge. The automobile was going at great speed, and he was unable to turn it back into the middle of the road. It went over the embankment at a sharp angle. Turning a complete somersault, it fell between the railroad tracks.

Matthews was caught beneath the machine and instantly killed. Mrs. Cobb was lifted from under the wreckage unconscious. She was taken to Long Branch, and died in the Monmouth Memorial Hospital.

Upper Egypt May Prove a Cotton Belt.

London.—The British Cotton-Growing Association, which, with the hearty co-operation of the Colonial Secretary, Joseph Chamberlain, is striving to render the British Empire independent of the United States so far as raw cotton is concerned, is now paying special attention to upper Egypt, where, it is asserted, the association can develop a cotton belt dwarfing that of the Southern States of America. Major Count Gleichen, secretary of the Sirdar of the Egyptian forces, Major-General Wingate, addressing the association at Manchester recently, said the experiments now concluded on the banks of the Nile show the quality of the cotton grown there to be the equal of any in the world.

Body Found in a Pile of Burning Ties.

Pocatello, Idaho.—The body of a man whose last name is known to be Bruce was found by Coroner J. G. Bean and Deputy Sheriff Griffith about one mile north of Downey station, this county, under circumstances that suggest murder and an attempt to cover up the crime by cremation. The body was found in a pile of burning ties and was partially consumed, the ties having been so placed across and around it as to accomplish that object. Three ugly cuts on the back of the head and one over the left eye proved the manner of the victim's death. No clew remains as to the murderer.

Second Death From Same Team.

Vallejo.—George Leland, a South Vallejo teamster, was killed on Friday in an accident caused by his horses becoming frightened by steam escaping from an engine at South Vallejo. Leland tried to stop the runaway team, but was dragged from his seat and the wheels of the truck passed over his chest. A few weeks ago the same team of horses caused the death of Frank Hamlin, a driver in Leland's employ.

Fatally Hurt in Initiation.

New York.—A special to the Sun from Oklahoma City says: Edward Hall of Shawnee is in the hospital in this city with his spinal column fractured. He was initiated at Shawnee by the Select Knights and Ladies, and in the course of the initiation he fell from a blanket in which he was being tossed. His relatives are preparing a suit against the order for heavy damages.

ANOTHER POLAR EXPEDITION.

Millionaire Ziegler Not Satisfied With Explorer Baldwin's Efforts.

New York.—William Ziegler, the millionaire, who spent hundreds of thousands of dollars on Explorer Baldwin's North Pole expedition, admitted that he had fitted out another expedition totally independent of that of Baldwin, and that he had given its leader instructions to reach the pole at all hazards. This second expedition is on the steamship Frithjof, now thought to be at Camp Zeigler, Alger island, Franz Josef Land. Ziegler has been reticent concerning the trial of Baldwin, and until recently he has refused to talk of it for publication. He is far from satisfied with the reports the explorer has sent of his failure to reach the pole.

Ziegler is becoming uneasy about William S. Champ, his former secretary, who left here in July to take the Frithjof to Camp Ziegler. Since he departed Ziegler has had no word from him.

Interesting Census Figures on Illiteracy.

Washington.—The Census Office has issued a preliminary report on illiteracy among men of voting age in cities and country districts in the census year 1900. The report included under the term "illiterate" those who can neither read nor write, and also a small number who can read, but cannot write. In the United States as a whole, excluding Alaska and Hawaii, the male population at least 21 years of age and living in cities which had at least 25,000 inhabitants was 5,885,-644, of which 339,223, or 6 per cent, were reported as illiterate. In the rest of the country the number of men of voting age was 15,248,655, of whom 1,949,247, or 13 per cent, were reported as illiterate.

These figures indicate that illiteracy among adult males is less than half as prevalent in the large cities as it is in the rest of the United States. The difference, the report states, is due largely to the fact that the urban population of the country is massed in the Northern and Western states, and illiteracy is less frequent there than in other parts of the country.

ANGRY HUSBAND USES SHOTGUN

Follows and Seriously Wounds the Companion of His Wife.

Ukiah.—C. B. Bloyd, aged 60 years, shot and seriously wounded Lit Moore at what is known as the North Fork tie camp, near Christine, in this county. The facts, as reported, are that there was a masquerade ball in the hall at the camp, which was attended by Mrs. Bloyd, and also by Moore. Between Bloyd and his wife all has not been peace. A divorce suit in which the wife is plaintiff is now pending in court. Bloyd also attended the ball, but being masked, his wife and Moore were not aware of his presence. Bloyd seems to have been watching his wife and Moore, for after a time he saw them leave the hall together and walk away in the darkness. He followed them, armed with a shotgun loaded with buckshot. Their steps led to an isolated cabin on the side of a hill some distance from the hall. Bloyd waited on the outside until they came out. Mrs. Bloyd walked away, while Moore remained a moment to fasten the door. Bloyd fired at that moment, the charge of buckshot lodging in Moore's side and hip. Mrs. Bloyd ran away, but was not pursued. Bloyd gave himself up and is now in jail at Ukiah. Moore may recover, but his wounds are very serious.

Funds of Boers Said to Be Missing.

London.—In a dispatch from The Hague, the correspondent of the Daily Mail declares that Dr. Leyds has been deposed because he refused to account for a large sum of money missing from the Boer exchequer. The Boer cause, continues the correspondent, will now be agitated through the length and breadth of South Africa on the model of the home-rule campaign in Ireland, and this agitation will call for all the foresight and firmness of which British statesmanship is capable.

To Adopt American Methods.

Berlin.—The Lokal Anzeiger says an evidence of the growing Americanism of the world is shown in a plan to establish a post-graduate medical school at Frankfort after an American model. A private person has contributed $500,000 for the establishment of this school.

MANY FISH SPECIMENS OBTAINED

President Jordan Tells of His Success in Samoa.

HUNDREDS OF UNKNOWN SPECIES.

Collection Will Be Divided Between the National Museum at Washington and the Zoological Museum of Stanford University.

Stanford University. — President Jordan returned last Tuesday night to the university much pleased with the results of his two months' stay in the Samoan islands. His time was about equally divided between Upolu, the principal German island, whose capital, Apia, was his headquarters, and the chief American island, Tutuila, whose outer coral reef, five miles in length, is one of the best examples of such marine architecture in the South seas. This coral formation was thoroughly explored throughout its whole length for its marine organisms. Dynamite was used in its larger holes to bring the deep-sea fishes to the surface, and fish poison was used in the smaller cavities of the rock for the same purpose. A large number of natives were also employed in the capture of the surf fish. In all some 10,000 specimens were secured, divided into 617 species. Over 100 of these species were before unknown to science and some 200 of them were unknown to Dr. Jordan. Five large tanks filled with fish have already arrived at the university, and the whole collection, after it has been more thoroughly classified and arranged, will be divided between the National Museum at Washington and the zoological museum of Stanford University.

Speaking of the German harbor of Apia, Dr. Jordan said that it was but an open roadstead, and all will remember the fearful storm of 1888, when the warships piled upon its beach. "The harbor of Pago-Pago, in the American possession of Tutuila, on the contrary, is the finest harbor in the islands. It is formed by the crater of an old volcano, or rather by a portion of a former crater, which so landlocks the vessels inside it that they can ride in perfect quiet and safety, no matter how wild a tropical storm may be raging outside.

"Captain Uriel Sebre, United States Navy, is the commandant at the naval station at Pago-Pago and governor of the American islands. He is doing very good and efficient work in a rather trying post, and the American islands are well managed.

"The group is a small one, and the commercial resources and potentialities of the islands are not large. Chocolate and the cocoanut are now being produced in considerable quantities. The islands can never form homes for Americans, for the reason that white men cannot work there. There are absolutely no opportunities for unmoneyed Americans, unless one wishes to call the life of the beachcomber, picking up wreckage along the shore and preying on the simplicity of the natives, opportunity.

"Men of wealth, like Stevenson, might find the islands, on account of their hot and constant climate, a place of refuge against pulmonary troubles, but it is no place to bring up American children, and American women would likely suffer there. The Samoans themsevles are a race rather advanced when compared with most of the South sea islanders. They are as little touched as any by the vices that white men have introduced among the brown peoples, but they are an unhealthy lot. Their life has always been easy. Industry has never been a matter of necessity with them, and they do not count it among the virtues."

Survives Perilous Experience.

New York.—Rev. W. B. Osborne of Hackettstown, N. J., while unconscious, was carried eleven miles between Tunnelton and Rowlesburg, W. Va., on the pilot of the engine drawing a Batlimore & Ohio express train, says a World dispatch from Cumberland, Md. The train stopped at Rowlesburg to coal and here the inanimate form was found. Osborne, who is 70 years old, was bruised about the head, body and legs, but physicians say he will recover.

BIG DITCH FOR HYDRAULIC MINING

Fifteen-Mile Canal Being Built in the Nome District.

Tacoma, Wash.—The Nome River and New York Hydraulic Gold Mining Company has commenced work on the fifteen-mile ditch to be dug from a point opposite the mouth of Hobson creek, on Nome river, and to terminate near the mouth of Dexter creek. In order to get the elevation desired the ditch will be run back at points for a mile beyond Nome river. A fall of 125 feet, giving sixty pounds' pressure, will be attained. The company has secured the right to use 25,000 miners' inches of water. This ditch will be the largest for hydraulic mining purposes in the Nome district. A big crew of men is at work on the undertaking, and it will be completed some time next summer.

Thomas C. Early, who went north to start the work, passed through here en route to New York. Early says the opportunity for hydrauilc mining in the Nome district is greater than in any other district in the north. Investigation has shown that the beach diggings are very rich, but money will be required to develop them. Early states that his company will at one point be able to withdraw all water from the Nome river and will dredge the bottom of the creek.

Miners Meet Death in an Unused Shaft.

Vancouver, B. C.—A special from Rossland says: Two miners named Lobb and Hoskins lost their lives at the Josie mine Saturday under remarkable circumstances. The men were members of a working force on what is known as the Annie fraction of the Josie mine. They had lighted a blast and turned to seek a place of safety from the explosion.

Being unfamiliar with the ground the two with a third named Sytrick, fled toward an unused shaft and plunged headlong. The shaft was filled with water and contained nothing whereby the men could keep afloat. All three were taken out within a few minutes, but Lobb and Hoskins were dead when taken from the water.

JAPAN AND THE PACIFIC ISLANDS

American Claim to Wake Island Does Not Please the Orientals.

Tokio, Japan.—This is a period when the United States seems to be looking after the Pacific islands. First it was Marcus island, but news came that the Washington authorities recognized Japan's claim there. The incident caused a little flutter at first, and a Japanese man-of-war was dispatched with an official on board to await the arrival of Captain Rosehill, the American alleged concessionaire. The warship landed its official charged with documents, one being from United States Minister Buck, but so far no word has been received of Captain Rosehill's arrival. The telegraphed solution of the matter has been hailed with pleasure by the Japanese press, which exalts the magnanimity of America and points out how consistently she has shown herself to be the friend of Japan.

Just on top of that favorable impression, however, there arrives telegraphic word that the United States has sent a warship to oust Japanese from Wake island, south of Marcus island. The Japanese papers claim the island was uninhabited until some of their bird-catchers visited it, and profess to fail to understand of what benefit the island would be to any nation. So far the nature of America's claim to the island and the purposes of its present enforcement are unknown here.

Swords and Sabers for the Transvaal.

New York.—A cable to the Sun from London says: A dispatch from Pietermaritzburg, Natal, in the Daily Mail, says that while a vessel was discharging cargo at Durban a case of goods, which had been declared as containing saddlery, burst, and was seen to be filled with sabres and swords. They were consigned by an English concern to a Transvaal firm. An inquiry is being made.

Drowned in the Yellowstone.

Butte, Mont.—A special to the Miner from Miles City says that Sergeant Coon of Troop H, Thirteenth Cavalry, was drowned Saturday night while attempting to swim the Yellowstone river. His body has not been recovered, though detachments of soldiers from Fort Keogh have been searching for it.

Rapid Decline of Klondike Mines.

Washington.—The golden star of the Klondike is on the wane, according to the official report of George H. Hees, who recently was sent to Dawson by the Canadian Manufacturers' Association to make a thorough examination into the business prospects of the Yukon territory. The State Department made public a communication from United States Consul Brush at Niagara Falls, dated August 8th, giving some of the principal features of Hees' report.

Hees points to the fact that the total yield of the Klondike last year was $24,000,000, and that the production of the coming year will not, according to Government estimates, exceed $14,000,000, a falling off of nearly one-half. Moreover, no new discoveries have been made for over a year, although since 1897 thousands of prospectors have been exploring every creek and mountain in the country. At Dawson, Hees reports, there are ten applicants for every job, yet boatload after boatload of men continue to arrive.

Teeth Knocks Out by Compressed Air.

Oakland.—W. A. Stahl, a brakeman in the employ of the Southern Pacific Company, while coupling the air hose between two cars Tuesday night had six teeth blown out by the compressed air, which escaped in a volume. Stahl's mouth was also bruised by the force of the air, which had been subjected to a 200-pound pressure. Just as the brakeman was coupling the hose the engineer turned on the air, with the result that the hose parted and the luckless brakeman was sent sprawling.

Georgia Cavyan Blind and Insane.

New York.—Hopelessly insane, totally blind and supposed to be dying, Georgia Cayvan, the once popular actress, has been removed from the sanitarium and taken to spend her few remaining days at the home of her sister, Miss Alice W. Cayvan, at New Dorchester, Mass.

The People's Store

GRAND AVE., near Postoffice,

South San Francisco, Cal.

This is the Only Store in San Mateo County that SELLS

Dry Goods and Fancy Goods;
Boots and Shoes;
Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods;
Crockery and Agate Ware;
Hats and Caps,

AT SAN FRANCISCO PRICES.

Give Us a Call and be Convinced.

M. F. HEALEY,

Hay, Grain and Feed.
Wood and Coal.

Lumber Yard

ALL KINDS OF TEAMING.

Grand and San Bruno Aves.,

South San Francisco, Cal.

Cyrus Noble

The World famous American whiskey.

A perfect distillation of the best grain.

Aged in wood.

Of a soft mellow flavor.

Absolutely pure.

THE ENTERPRISE

E. E. CUNNINGHAM,
Editor and Proprietor.

Nobody is above suspicion when a jealous woman is around.

Mrs. Langtry is now a mother-in-law. The world is no longer at her feet.

Miss Stone attributes her rescue to prayer. To what does she attribute her captivity?

A pickle trust with $30,000,000 capital has been formed. This is one of the sourest doses of all.

The young King of Spain appears to be quite a sensible child. He is permitting the old men to keep on running things.

King Edward is a pretty strong argument against the claims of people who are always prating about the dangers of high living.

An inventor asserts that an excellent imitation of wood can be made from tobacco leaves. Let him try his hand now at making merchantable bricks out of diamonds.

Eskimos claim to have found the remains of Noah's ark away up near the arctic circle. Can it be possible that Noah started in search of the pole without first having a relief expedition provided for?

The multimillionaire who endows colleges and establishes colleges is subjected to a great deal of chaff and is sometimes accused of self-aggrandizement. The milionaire who devotes himself to horse racing, an institution which mainly benefits the professional gamblers, is permitted to pass without criticism. This seems hardly fair.

Another gentleman exhilarated with whiskey—purchased with his wife's money—has murdered his wife. Fortunately he was blessed with a sense of the proprieties and accommodatingly hanged himself, thus saving the overweighted taxpayers the expense of doing the job for him. Like another historic character, nothing in this man's life became him like the leaving it.

Many cures for insomnia have been recommended, from counting an imaginary flock of sheep as they jump one by one over a gate, to extracting the cube root of a number in six figures; but they all fail at times. The latest cure, according to a medical paper, is automobiling. Now, if the village school teacher will only take a ride every afternoon in a fifteen-hundred-dollar automobile, she will sleep like a top at night—that is, if she does not lie awake wondering where the money is to come from to pay for the horseless carriage. There are some remedies more attractive than practicable.

Although the power of the press can hardly be overestimated, little that is printed leaves a permanent impression. Dr. Edward Everett Hale puts it characteristically in commenting on the sensitiveness of his distinguished kinsman, Edward Everett, to what appeared about him in print. "He did not know, as I do, that of whatever is put in the newspaper half the people who see it do not read it; second, that half of those do not understand it; third, that of the half who understand is, half do not believe it; fourth, that the half who believe it, half forget it; fifth, that the half who remember it are probably of no great account, anyway." To which Dr. Hale adds the remark, personal to himself, "This may be forgotten with the rest." Nevertheless, it has a kernel of truth worth remembering.

Much has been said of the audacity of man in building his home in spots so dangerous as the slopes of Mont Pelee have proved themselves to be. Yet all history affords illustrations of the calm forgetfulness with which the race erects its dwelling places on the sites of the most dreadful catastrophes. Vesuvius still smokes over beautiful Naples. Lisbon rises, beautiful and imposing, where a "convulsion of nature" once brought unutterable fright and desolation. The Japanese still crowd the coasts of their tide-swept islands and the Chinese huddle along the banks of the Hoang-Ho. It is not very many months since Galveston was overwhelmed by flood, yet a new Galveston is being built on the dangerous site of the wreckage and the people of the city are ready to take their chances of a similar disaster in the future. There is absolutely nothing to prevent a second tidal wave from the Gulf, yet the city pursues its daily task, apparently unafraid.

Charles Schwab's apple donation gets through the hide and into the heart. He was just such a happy-go-lucky boy as you can find anywhere now, and he liked the taste of stolen apples. The original sin in every boy adds sweetness to purloined fruit. It shouldn't be so, but it is so. Let the sociologists explan it if they can. Schwab used to steal his apples from trees on the grounds of Mt. Aloysius' Academy at Cresson, Pa. He never forgot it. Men don't forget these things. They love the memory of youthful pranks, and tell the tales to their children and their grandchildren. And, way down in the heart, there is often a sneaking desire to go back to the old town, walk up to the farmer from whom he used to steal melons, laugh at the dog, and remark: "Mr. Jones, do you know me? Don't you remember Bill Rogers' boy, whom you set the dog on and shot full of rock salt? Just thought I'd drop in on the old town and see how things look." And then you planned to pay off the mortgage on Jones' farm, leave money for a new library, buy uniforms for the "Umpah, Umpah Cornet Band," and slather money around like a prince. Plenty of men have had those dreams. Few can carry them out. Mr. Schwab could; and, as dramatic as you please, he planked down $25,000 of good Steel Trust money in payment of the Baldwins he stole many years ago. Every man who has wanted to go back and "make good" will envy Mr. Schwab the sensation and the pleasure he got out of the gift.

Prophecies of gypsies, astrologers and other readers of the future, foretelling the calamity that recently befel King Edward, are being resurrected, or manufactured after the event, and presented to the credulous with becoming gravity. These pretended prophecies are reminders of the pagan past, when the gods took an intimate and respectful interest in the fate of kings. Portents were seen in the skies warning men that something dire was about to happen to his Majesty, and when he died earthquakes and storms testified to the sympathy of nature with an event so tremendous. Those were the days when a king was a king, and very few had any doubt of his divine appointment to office. Now only the sort of minds capable of crediting gypsy prophets can look upon monarchy as a heavenly institution. Peoples no longer exist for their kings, but kings for their peoples. The old-fashioned despot is the dodo of politics. Respecting those vestigial remnants of the superstitious past, the prophets, it is obvious that their self-denial is even more wonderful than their powers. It perhaps has not occurred to those who still take them seriously that if there existed a class of men capable of foretelling the date of a king's death months or years in advance of its occurrence little things like the outcome of horse races and the ups and downs of the stock market would be as clear as print to them. In that case, of course, they would soon own the wealth of the earth. But as prophets—gypsies, astrologers, clairvoyants and the rest—are never billionaires, it follows either that they are frauds or the most unselfish beings in a generally selfish world.

On a day early in June of this year a man named Hawkins committed a crime at Marysville, Mo., and then tried to run away from it. Hawkins was a real estate dealer, and left the town because he had forged paper to the amount of $2,000. When he left Marysville, Hawkins was a fine-looking, middle-aged gentleman, with hair slightly tinged with gray. At the end of two weeks he came back a white-haired, broken-bodied old man. In the interval the man had wandered from place to place pursued by the hourly fear that he would be tracked by bloodhounds. The fear deepened into an overmastering terror. He hid himself in the woods. Finally the fear became unbearable. He returned to Marysville and gave himself up. Twenty years, he said, had been added to his life in less than twenty days. He welcomed the penitentiary as a blessed relief. It is the old story. In seeking to dodge a financial trouble he took upon his shoulders a greater one. The new trouble was so heavy that a prison seemed a heaven of rest after the hell into which he had plunged. When will men learn that justice is never cheated? That every crime brings its penalty, soon or late? When will men learn they are not smarter than fate? There are other bloodhounds than those of flesh and blood that pursue the man who breaks the law. The bloodhounds of conscience will ever bay deep-mouthed to the soul that sinneth. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that also shall he reap." That is the inevitable law. If a man sows to the flesh he shall of the flesh reap corruption. And he will reap more than he sows. The law of increase holds in the devil's domain as it does in the fields of God.

English Tongue's Supremacy.

Two-thirds of all the letters which pass through the post offices of the world are written by and sent to people who speak English, says Bradstreet's. There are substantially 500,000,000 persons speaking colloquially one or other of the ten or twelve chief modern languages, and of these about 25 per cent, or 125,000,000 persons, speak English. About 100,000,000 speak Russian, 75,000,000 German, 55,000,000 French, 45,000,000 Spanish, 35,000,000 Italian, and 12,000,000 Portuguese, and the balance Hungarian, Dutch, Polish, Flemish, Bohemian, Gaelic, Roumanian, Swedish, Finnish, Danish and Norwegian. Thus, while only one-quarter of those who employ the facilities of the postal departments of civilized governments speak as their native tongue English, two-thirds of those who correspond do so in the English language. There are, for instance, more than 20,000 post offices in India, the business of which in letters and papers aggregates more than 300,000,000 a year, and the business of these offices is done chiefly in English, though of India's total population, which is nearly 300,000,000, fewer than 300,000 persons either speak or understand English.

A Difference of Opinion.

"Whose little boy are you?"

"Well, grandma, Aunt Louise and mamma all claim me; but Farmer Jones says I'm a child of the devil, 'cause I croned some of his apples."—Detroit Free Press.

When a girl over 26 is still a belle, either her father is rich, or she lives in a big house, and gives parties.

HYPNOTIZES FISH.

Mr. King of Chardon Never Comes Home Without a String.

M. J. King, a retired farmer of Chardon, O., is firm in the belief that fish reason, and can also be hypnotized. Five years ago Mr. King built a pond near his home, and stocked it with mountain trout from a Government hatchery. The fish thrived and developed remarkable growth. There are over 1,000 trout in the pond now, some of them weighing two and a half pounds.

Mr. King exercises a wonderful influence over some of the fish. He can reach down and take them out of the water, pat others on the back, while hundreds of them will eat out of his hand. One large trout he claims to be able to hypnotize. When taken from the water, after a series of strokes on its sides with the hand, the fish appears to be dead, not a movement of its gills being visible. Another trout will, before being fed, at a wave of the hand make a circuit of the pool, jumping clear out of the water at intervals of five or six feet, and sometimes turning a somersault in its career.

MR. KING SEIZING HIS PREY.

Mr. King cannot explain the actions of the performing trout, but is certain that fish can be hypnotized.

HEAVIEST MAN IN THE WORLD.

Died in San Francisco—Weighed 613 Pounds.

Henri Maurice Cannon, known throughout the world as the heaviest of all men, died unexpectedly from heart disease in San Francisco, Cal., a few days ago. Mr. Cannon had been ailing for several days.

Deceased weighed 613 pounds. A native of Zurich, Switzerland, he was deemed there one of the foremost athletes, and as a wrestler met many men in the arena. It was not until 10 years ago that he commenced to grow to abnormal proportions, his weight increasing with alarming rapidity. With it all Cannon remained good-natured, and a Bohemian life was his choice.

HENRI MAURICE CANNON.

CUBA'S FIRST MINISTER.

Senor Gonzales Represents New Republic at Washington.

When Senor Gonzales de Quesada, the minister from Cuba, presented his credentials to President Roosevelt, the event marked the entry of the new republic as a country into the politics of nations.

SENOR QUESADA.

Senor Quesada is a native of Cuba and is but thirty-four years of age. He was born at the beginning of the first Cuban insurrection. His parents took sides with the patriots and were exiled. They sought refuge in New York, and in that city young Quesada grew up and was educated. For several years prior to and during the war for freedom Senor Quesada was secretary of the unrecognized legation from the republic, which then existed only in name. During those years he became a personal friend of Mr. Roosevelt, who welcomed him warmly when he received him as the minister of the new republic.

No Correction Needed.

"Sir," began the poet, as he burst into the office of the great editor; "sir, I have called to protest against the way in which my poem, 'The Idyll of Kansas,' appeared in your paper."

"Did it get in?" asked the great editor, carefully making a cross on an artist's drawing to show where the man fell from the window.

"Yes, sir. And where I had written 'whispers of the wind' you made it read 'whiskers in the wind!'"

"That's all right," said the great editor. "It was a Kansas poem, was it not?"—Baltimore American.

A man usually lies more about himself than he does about his neighbors.

FLASHES OF FUN

Attendant—Another large party has just arrived outside, sir. St. Peter—Volcanoes or automobiles?—Life.

Mrs. Hoon—The deacon is such a good man. Mr. Hoon—Yes; but sometimes I fancy his halo is a trifle too small for his head.—Puck.

Blonde Bridesmaid — The ushers haven't seated your Aunt Maria with the family. Other Bridesmaid (sister to the bride)—No, she only sent a pickle-fork!—Life.

With a String: Little Johnny—My paw's a Republican. What's your paw? Little Geogie—He says he's independent, but maw outlines his foreign policy.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Premature Inquiry: Miss Gushington—What do you consider the ten best books, Mr. Seet? Con Seet (the young author)—Really, I've only written six books so far, you know.—Philadelphia Press.

Possible: Uncle Stephen — Sarie, here's a piece 'bout how they're telegraffin 'thout wires. By jinks! I woodent be 'sprised to hear next thet they're sendin' letters 'thout postage-stamps.—Judge.

An Awkward Deadlock: "Why are they not speaking?" "They quarreled about which loved the other more." "Well?" "And now each is afraid to give in for fear of offending the other."—Brooklyn Life.

He had asked the Boston maiden for a kiss. "Oh, sir," she cried, blushing, "I have never been kissed in all my life." "Well, I suppose somebody has got to break the ice," replied the practical young man.

Preparing for the Start: "Mercy! where did you get all the books?" "Why, I'm trying to read up a few of them so as to know what to take away to read when I leave for my summer vacation."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Thoughtful Girl: Madge—Dolly is going somewhere with that young man this evening. Marjorie—Yes, going to sit with him in the hammock. Right after dinner she went upstairs and put on a dark shirt-waist."—Portland Oregonian.

Curate—Why don't you come to church, John? Come next Sunday, will you? John—'Ow long do it last, sur? Curate—Oh, not very long. About an hour or so. John—Lor', bless yer, zur, it bain't worth while changing yer shirt for't!—Sketch.

Miss Fairfax—Good-mawin', Aunt Caroline. Why ain't you washin' nowadays? Aunt Caroline (removing her pipe from her mouth)—Well, you see, Miss Clara, I's bin out o' wuhk so long dat now, when I could wuhk, I finds I's done los' mah taste fo' it.—Judge.

Willy's Reply: Willy—I met our new minister on the way to Sunday-school, mamma, and he asked me if I ever played marbles on Sunday. Mother—H'm. And what did you say to that? Willy—I said: 'Get thee behind me, Satan,' and walked right off and left him.—Tid-Bits.

"Why do you carry that umbrella, little boy? It's not raining. "No, sir." "And the sun's not shining." "No, sir." "Then why do you carry it?" "Well, when it's raining pa wants it, and when the sun's shining ma wants it, and it's only this kinder weather I can get to use it at all."

Mrs. Hicksy (who is entertaining her little son's playmate, aged five, to dinner)—Willie, can you cut your own meat? Willie (who is struggling with a piece on his plate)—Yes, thank you (with a desperate saw at the beef), I've cut twice as tough meat as this at home—Glasgow Evening Times.

It is told of a learned professor, who was better at Greek than golf, that after a round on the links in which he had foozled most of his shots, he turn- to his caddie for advice as to improving his play. The reply of the ruthless caddie was: "Ye see, sir, it's easy to teach laddies Latin and Greek, but it needs a head for gowff."

Really Rattled: "Did you feel at all nervous when you got up to read your essay on 'The Essentials of the Essentially Essential' before that crowd?" "Yes," the sweet girl graduate replied; "I was awfully upset. I had noticed just as I walked out upon the stage, that my left shoe-string was untied."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Fate: Once there were two beautiful white eggs laid side by side in a nice new nest. A great big man gathered them up with his rough hands and sold them to a grocer. And one little egg was a good little egg, and went into an angel cake, but the other little egg was a very, very bad little egg, and got mashed on an actress.—Town Topics.

Terrible to Think Of: "What makes you look so sad and solemn?" "A man told me this morning that I looked just like J. Pierpont Morgan." "But why do you allow that to trouble you?" "I was just thinking what a horrible victim of wrong I was if maybe him and me was changed in our cradles when we was babies."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Bridget and Pat were sitting in an arm-chair reading an article on "The Law of Compensation." "Just fancy," exclaimed Bridget, "accordin' to this, whin a mon loses wan av 'is sinses another gets more developed. For instance, a bloind man gets more sinse av herin' an' touch, an'—" "Shure, an' it's quite thrue," exclaimed Pat. "Oi've noticed it meself. Whin a mon has wan leg shorter than the other, Begorra the other's longer."

Children's Corner

A Good Word for the Spider.

Following the wave of nature study now passing over our land will come a better understanding of the economy of nature. We are not only learning to know better the habits of animals, birds and insects, but our eyes are being opened to the effect of one upon the other and God's great plan in it all.

How few of us regard the spider, for instance, as other than an enemy. Spiders are ugly to be sure, some of them are even repulsive, but would we not be able to find in them something not so bad after all, if we stopped to think what they are and what they do. You say, "Oh, they catch flies, of course." So they do, and flies are microbe carriers, but flies are not their only food. Caterpillars, grasshoppers, locusts, June bugs, mosquitos, moths, and leaf eating beetles are their far more numerous victims.

The most useful of all our spiders are those that destroy the caterpillars which prey upon the foliage of our shade and fruit trees. Have we not all seen the large, unsightly webs on fruit trees, elms, ailanthus, and maple trees? These nests are made by the larvae of different kinds of web worms and each nest is the home of a colony of worms that crawl out at night to devour the surrounding leaves. A single web contains hundreds of worms and as the web protects the caterpillars from their bird enemies they would so rapidly increase that the trees would be bare of foliage if it were not that spiders also make these nests their homes and devour the worms in great numbers.

Until I learned of the spider inmates I thought when I saw a tree disfigured with one or more ugly webs that the next year the increase would have been so great that the tree would be stripped. I discovered my neighbor whose negligence I had so deplored still had fruit to eat and that the very trees whose sad fate I had prophesied would often come forth in beauty the next spring and be without a vestige of a web through the entire season. I did not know why until a spider showed me.

Rainy-Day Friends.

One lonesome day I felt so bad,
Because it rained, you see;
I couldn't go to see my friends,
Nor could they come to me.
Then mamma said, "I'll make some friends
With whom you'll like to play;"
And so she folded paper up
A sort of fanlike way.

She snipped and snipped with scissors—then
The paper opened wide,
And such a lot of little girls
Before me then I spied!
They all took hold of hands, like this,
Just so they wouldn't fall,
And I made noses, eyes and mouths
(With pencil) for them all.

I gave them names, and set them in
A row on my footstool;
I played they were my company,
My sisters, and my school.
I took them boating in a pan,
And riding on the train;
We "Ring Round Rosy" played a while,
And—I forgot the rain.

We "snapped the whip" and skipped the rope,
And played menagerie,
And mamma gave us pop-corn balls
And frosted cake and tea.
Oh, dear! 'twas such a lovely time—
The hours just flew away!
I really hope 'fore long we'll have
Another rainy day.
—Youth's Companion.

Paper for Invitations.

There is specially imported stationery for little maidens to use in sending out their party invitations. One style has the small sheets of heavy white paper decorated at the top in colors with a little girl and small boy fencing. On another are two wee "new women" in bloomers exercising with dumb-bells and Indian clubs. Other note paper bears on the top a scene of tiny summer belle and her attendant cavalier on board a yacht. What is known as "harlequin paper" is decorated with an elephant in scarlet trousers playing a trombone, and below:

The elephant played the trombone
With his trunk so very long.
He played the airs so finely,
That never a note was wrong.

Our Patriotic Songs.

How many boys and girls of 12 can write the words of "The Star Spangled Banner" and "America?" We ought to know our patriotic songs as well as we know our multiplication table. In England the other day the Brighton school board examined the children on "Rule Britannia," and the London Chronicle published the work. One boy wrote down as the first line of the chorus, "Royl Brick Tanner, Brick Tanner rules the Way." Another began, "Rore Britainer." A third thus adjured his country, "Rail Briltanil, Briltanil Rails the Way," doubtless thinking of the Cape to Cairo project. A fourth, more ambitious, gave a whole verse, thus: "The nations not so blest has he but still in stern but still stern to God most all this was the Chelter and Chelter of the Stall and God in Angles sang the Strang Bulbiantanya biatanya woves the waves for Britains never will be slain." "Bulbiatanya" has a fine South African twang about it.

Lord Kitchener a Schoolboy.

Lord Kitchener received a part of his education at a school about four miles from Montreux, not far from the point where the Rhone enters the Lake of Geneva. "Grand-Clos," as the school was called, numbered some thirteen boys, and the headmaster was a clergyman of the name of Bennett. They seem to have had an enjoyable time there. A former master of the school, says the London Express, describes Kitchener at the age of 15. "He was of medium height, broad chested, a very model of strength, but not passionately addicted to sports. Solitary in his habits, not chumming especially with any of his school fellows, he worked quietly and steadily, and proved always amenable to discipline."

Where Potatoes Grow.

Humboldt says that at the time of the discovery of America the potato was cultivated in all the temperate parts of South America from Chile up the coast. The Spaniards at first noticed it in Peru. The variety of potato cultivated in Europe and North America grows wild in Chile. Different species of the plant are found growing wild in most parts of South America, and, it is claimed by many botanists, in Mexico and Arizona.

GIVING TO UNCLE SAM.

Donations that Are Constantly Coming in for the Government.

Among the miscellaneous receipts of the national government are included gifts of money from persons, here and abroad, who desire to "do something" for Uncle Sam. It was recalled on a recent anniversary of the death of Gen. Nathaniel Lyon, who was killed in the Civil War, at the battle of Wilson's Creek, that he left by will the most of his property to the United States Government.

In fact, it is in times of war that people are most stimulated to make gifts. Miss Helen Gould's contribution of one hundred thousand dollars during the war with Spain is well remembered. Among those who gave in smaller amounts was a New York man, who sent one thousand dollars to be used in the secret service, "without any accounting for it." He had read that in former wars such funds, without the ordinary legal restrictions, had been of great service to the detective corps. An Englishman enclosed a postal order for one pound sterling, "as a contribution toward carrying on your war with Spain." From another Englishman, a clergyman, came half a guinea, which he hoped might "furnish a cup of cold water to some member of the army or navy."

Two little girls in St. Paul sent to Washington one dollar and forty cents at about the same time. One man now sends to the Treasury four times in every year a present of seventy-two dollars, the amount of his pension, which he purposes not to retain so long as he holds a Government position.

These gifts are small in the aggregate by comparison with the national expenditure, but they reveal a benevolent purpose. What the Government desires of all its sons, really more than money gifts, is an earnest and abiding love of country, and this is a return which we can all make, in peace as well as in war.—Youth's Companion.

AN OLD DEBT.

Wagner Paid the Reckoning After Lapse of Fourteen Years.

The little Steiger Inn, near Dresden, has celebrated its centennial, and this, among other memories, is quoted by the Staats-Zeitung as belonging to it.

In 1849, on a morning in May, the hostess of the inn heard distant firing, and saw armed insurgents running along the road, as if in flight. This was the last remnant contributed by Dresden to the May revolution, and the Prussians were hard upon their track.

Suddenly the hostess found herself confronted by a little man with smoke-begrimed face and hands, who nodded and rushed into the inn.

"Give me a basin of water," he panted, "and some bread and meat! Quick! An instant's delay may mean death!"

The hostess obeyed him.

"You don't seem to know me," he said.

"Oh, I have seen you often, but—"

"Well, I hope I have credit enough for my breakfast, for I haven't a pfennig about me. And I want a guide to show me the way through the forest to Freiburg."

So the hostess sent her son to guide him through the woods.

Fourteen years after a well-dressed little gentleman presented himself one day at the door of the inn, and addressed the hostess, with a smile:

"Good day, Frau Wirthin! I have come to pay my debts. I have not forgotten what you did for me that ninth of May."

He then paid for the breakfast eaten so long before.

Now," said he, "that is off my conscience. Perhaps you would like to know whom you have trusted so long. Allow me to introduce myself as Richard Wagner, then a rebel, now amnestied by the king."

A word to the wise may be sufficient—yet doubtless you have observed that most of the letters you receive are written at length.

It is easier to get a man to tell you how a thing should be done than it is to get a man to do it.

The man who is always calling for the fool-killer would be the first to hide if he saw him coming.

WHEN I WAS A BOY.

Up in the attic where I slept
When I was a boy—a little boy
In through the lattice the moonlight crept,
Bringing a tide of dreams that swept
Over the low red trundle bed,
Bathing the tangled curly head,
While moonbeams played at hide and seek
With the dimples on each sun-browned cheek—
When I was a boy—a little boy!

And, oh, the dreams, the dreams I dreamed
When I was a boy—a little boy!
For the grace that through the lattice streamed
Over my folded eyelids seemed
To have a gift of prophecy,
And to bring me glimpses of times to be
Where manhood's clarion seemed to call,
Ah, that was the sweetest dream of all—
When I was a boy—a little boy!

I'd like to sleep where I used to sleep
When I was a boy—a little boy!
For in at the lattice the moon would peep,
Bringing her tide of dreams to sweep
The crosses and griefs of the years away
From the heart that is weary and faint to-day,
And those dreams should give me back again
The peace I have never known since then—
When I was a boy—a little boy!
—Eugene Field.

The Stolen Diamond

A CRIMINAL who has any peculiarity about his person, such as a missing finger, a club foot, or any mark made by his trade, such as the mark on the hand of a barber, where the scissors had constantly pressed against the roof of his thumb, should be careful lest these means of identification are not the means of his downfall. Most of the cases which have come under my notice have been cases where the culprit has had some bodily deficiency which has left its mark on something with which he has come in contact. The experience which I am about to relate embodies this truth, and had not the criminal in the case had the misfortune of losing one-half of his—but I am anticipating events.

I had just returned from the continent, where I had been sent in connection with the Duchess of Mentone's stolen jewels, and was prepared to enjoy a rest, when I received a wire from my chief asking me to report at once. Upon arriving at the office he told me that robbery had been committed at the summer home of Mr. George Middleton, the millionaire oil magnate, and that a detective had been wired for. As to the particulars, only one diamond had been stolen, a magnificent stone of great value intrinsically and of incalculable worth to the family as an heirloom.

Mr. Middleton's place was somewhere up the Hudson and I set out at once.

When I arrived I was at once taken to Mr. Middleton, who appeared very much upset over the affair, not so much, he assured me, on account of the value of the stone, but it had been so long in the family and had so much to do with the history of the family, having been passed down as an heirloom from one generation to another, that he viewed the loss as a very great calamity. The points of the case were briefly as follows: On the previous night he had taken the diamond from the safe to show it to some of his guests, and Mrs. Middleton, who was to wear it at a ball on the following night, had taken it from him, and, not thinking it necessary to place it in the safe for so short a time, had taken it to her bedroom and put it in a small casket on her dressing table.

The next morning before going downstairs she thought she would see if it was all right, and was astonished to find the casket empty. There were many guests in the house, and at my request I was to be introduced as a friend of Mr. Middleton. Before going into the drawing-room I asked if he would be good enough to give me some particulars about his guests. "Let me see," he said; "there are about twenty guests, mostly gentlemen. With the exception of three they are old friends of the family and above suspicion. The remaining three are gentlemen of high character. One of them is a Russian count, who came to me with letters from intimate friends abroad, and one of the others is an Englishman whom I met in New York, and our kindred tastes led me to invite him here a few weeks; the other is a gentleman from town, greatly interested in dynamics, and whom I met in my club. These are the only acquaintances that are here whom I have met during the last year."

I was then taken to the drawing-room and introduced to most of the guests, among them the three new acquaintances. I gained nothing that night and noticed nothing suspicious about any of the guests. I was rather inclined to think that the robbery had been committed from the inside, by either one of the servants or one of the guests, as all the doors had been found fastened on the morning after the robbery, and no one knew that the diamond was in the house (it was always kept at the bank) but the members of the household and the guests to whom it had been shown on the night of the robbery. In the morning I asked the servant who brought me my coffee and rolls to come in, and I questioned him as to the guests, and if he had noticed any of the servants were in trouble over money matters.

"Now," I said to him, "have you noticed anything peculiar about any of the guests? No matter how trifling it may appear to you, it may be the means of providing me with a clue."

He thought for a moment and then said that he had noticed nothing out of the common. He had just gone out of the room when he reappeared and told me that he had noticed one thing about one of the guests, but it could have nothing to do with the robbery. He had noticed that one of the men had always had his shoes cleaned while they were on his feet. He always collected all the shoes and took them down to be cleaned, but Mr. Dane, "the man who always talks about machinery and electricity to Mr. Middleton, always came and had them cleaned on his feet."

In the evening I had another talk with the man and asked him to give me an account of everything that happened on the night of the robbery. He told me that the gentleman had been out all day, and in the evening Mr. Middleton had sent an order to him to bring some apples into the drawing-room; these apples were of a special kind grown on the place. He had taken them into the drawing-room and it was soon after this that Mr. Middleton had gone and fetched the diamond from the safe.

I made a mental note of these facts. Later on I had a chat with Mr. Dane, and, being myself something of an authority on dynamics, I was able to interest him. I was looking at him closely all the time we were talking. There was only one thing that distinguished him from any other guest. This was that half of one of his front teeth was missing; it had been broken off in almost exactly the middle.

I did not connect Mr. Dane with the robbery; in fact, I had up to this time not the slightest suspicion of a clue. It was early the next morning that I was put on the scent. I had visited the lawn under the window of the room from which the diamond had been stolen, and was looking to see if I could find any trace of footprints on the beds or the lawn. I did not find any trace of footprints, but I noticed the half of an apple directly under the window. I picked it up and examined it carefully. As I was turning it over and over I was thinking and wondering how it came there. It must have been thrown there recently, otherwise it would have been swept up. Then it struck me that apples had been eaten on the night that the diamond had been stolen, and I understood that no one had gone out on that night. Of course, I thought some one might have thrown it there since that night. Then I noticed a peculiarity of the marks of the teeth on the apple. About half of it had been eaten, and at every place where the apple had been bitten a small portion of the apple remained, a small ridge about an eighth of an inch in width and extending the entire length of the bite. I saw in a moment who had been eating the apple. It was the man with the broken tooth, Mr. Dane, and the ridge was left where the missing tooth must have bitten. Now it occurred to me that it was just possible that after Mr. Middleton had given the diamond to his wife (which was just after the apples had been brought in) Mr. Dane had followed her and taken his partly finished apple with him.

After she had left the room, leaving the diamond in the casket, he had gone in, and, when opening the box, had put the apple down, and not knowing exactly what to do with it had opened the window, which opened after the fashion of a door, and had thrown it down on the grass below. Another thought struck me. Why did Mr. Dane have his shoes cleaned on his feet, instead of having them cleaned as the other guests did? There must be some reason for this unless it was a fad. I asked my confidential servant which was Mr. Dane's bedroom, and in the evening when Mr. Dane was in the drawing-room with his pumps on, I went to his room, and, as I expected, I could not find the shoes. I could, however, give a guess that they were in a large box which stood in the corner of the room. Further evidence: Why did he keep his shoes locked up in his box? I pulled a bunch of keys out of my pocket and tried to unlock the padlock, but not one key in my possession would fit the lock. The next morning by six o'clock I was being driven to a locksmith with the purpose of obtaining fresh keys.

On the evening of that day I watched for the appearance of Mr. Dane with a certain amount of excitement. I felt as though I was going to find the diamond that night. Presently he appeared as usual in his pumps and challenged me to a game of billiards. I would rather not have played, but I accepted his challenge and we had a game.

It seemed a terrible long game, but at last it was finished, and he made his way to the smoking-room, while I made my way to his bedroom. I closed and locked the door and then started to try the various keys. Almost the first key fitted and I opened the box and got out the shoes. They were of common make and there appeared to be nothing out of the way about them. I noticed, however, a little cut in the heel of the right shoe and I put my finger in this cut and gave it a pull, but it remained firm.

I examined it very carefully and discovered the head of a nail driven into the heel from the side, and as this could serve no purpose there, and, moreover, as it was blackened over so that it could hardly be seen without very close inspection, I naturally thought it might have some purpose, so I got my knife from pocket, and, putting it under the head, levered it. It came out easy enough, and I then pulled the top of the heel right off, and there, snugly resting in a bed of cotton wool, lay the missing diamond!

I took it out and looked at it by the light of the candle. It was a magnificent stone and, I could see, of immense value.

At this moment some one tried the door and I fancied I heard an exclamation of rage and then a hurrying of feet downstairs. I rushed toward the door and was just in time to see Mr. Dane disappearing out of a door which led into the grounds. I shouted out to the gentlemen that the man who stole the diamond was but a few yards away, and they joined in the pursuit. We were not long in catching him.

Mr. Middleton would not at first believe it was Mr. Dane who stole the diamond, but when I showed him the shoe with the sliding heel he realized how his confidence had been abused.

So you see that criminals should be very careful if they have any part of their anatomy missing, even if it is only half of a tooth. Mr. Dane is still in the stone business, but he is in Sing Sing.—Vidocq, in the Independent.

An Adroit Answer.

The celebrated physician, Zimmerman, attended Frederick the Great in his last illness. One day, as the story is recorded in "Salad for the Social," the King said to him:

"You have, I presume, helped many a man into another world."

This was rather an unexpected thrust for the doctor, but the dose he gave the King in return was a judicious mixture of truth and flattery:

"Not so many as Your Majesty, nor with so much honor to myself."

Had Walked the Ties

Athletic Promoter—You want me to enter you in that six-day walking race, do you? Are you in training?

Applicant—Well, I played the hero with a barn-storming theatrical troupe for two seasons.

A. P.—You'll do.—Detroit Free Press.

What a politician says is one thing and what he does is another.

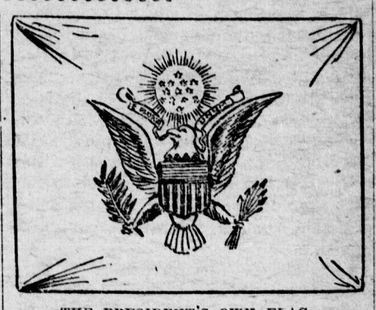
President's Own Flag

An Ensign the Existence of Which Has Been Known to Comparatively Few People of This Republic.

NOT everybody knows that the President of the United States his own flag, which he is entitled to hoist over any boat of the United States navy in which he may happen to be. It is not a new flag. The President's flag is an institution a century old, and has, in some shape, practically been in existence ever since we became a nation.

Congress never legislated on the President's flag. It was established arbitrarily by the Secretary of the Navy, though there was never a set of rules regarding it until 1865, when Secretary Gideon Welles promulgated orders which permitted the President to display his flag at the main royal of any vessel honored by his presence, the flag of the commanding officer to be struck for the time being. These regulations were reaffirmed in 1866, and again in 1869, and have been in force ever since. At that time the President's flag was the blue field of the Stars and Stripes, but in 1879, by order of the Secretary of the Navy, the coat of arms of the United States was placed on the flag, in white, with the constellation above in a single curved line. A few years later the colors of the design were changed to brown and a crest was added, showing the stars within a ring of clouds. There being no way of representing clouds with bunting, the design was painted. This was unsatisfactory, as a few hours of whipping in the wind cracked the paint and ruined the effect.

President Roosevelt's suggestions that the flag be changed to overcome inartistic details and do away with the paint, were received with favor and the President's flag is now the



THE PRESIDENT'S OWN FLAG.

blue background of the Union Jack, on which is a pure white eagle, its feathers heavily outlined in black. The constellation is in white, with the rays of the sunburst in heavy stitching of yellow. The flag is of bunting and measures fourteen by ten and one-half feet, for outdoor use, and is of heavy taffeta silk, with gold thread and embroidery for indoor decoration. The flag as it now is, is an exceedingly handsome one and will probably be allowed to remain unaltered for all time to come.

With Secretary Welles' regulations were also provisions for flags which should indicate the presence on board any vessel of the vice president, members of the Cabinet and governors of the States, but they are rarely, if ever used. Indeed, the President's own flag has been so infrequently displayed that when President Harrison went up the Atlantic coast in the Dolphin, with his flag displayed, he was ridiculed by a number of prominent newspapers, the editors of which did not know that the custom was established a century ago.

THE DISINTERMENT OF JESSE JAMES' REMAINS.

JESSE JAMES, JR., EXHIBITING THE SKULL OF HIS FATHER.

THE moldering bones of Jesse James, Missouri's bandit king, have at last found their final resting place. All that is left of the dead bandit was recently buried in the Baptist graveyard. The body, which since James' tragic death at the hands of Bob Ford in St. Joseph in 1882 had rested at the old Samuels homestead, three and a half miles northeast of the city, was disinterred in the morning, placed in a new black casket and in the afternoon was reburied by the side of the desperado's wife and little brother in the family lot in the cemetery on the edge of town.

There will be erected the stone shaft which has stood guard over the remains for twenty years in the corner of the lot at James' birthplace, which has been a shrine for his aged mother, watched over by her for two decades, and the Mecca of a horde of sightseers. The curious have been a source of family revenue, paying 25 cents a head.

The body of Jesse James had really been dust so long that it has disappeared. As the metal casket was lifted its sides parted from the bottom and the remains fell back, with the cushion. The action of the air instantly disintegrated the body, leaving only the skull, hair and beard in view. Young Jesse brushed aside the dark brown hair and located the hole in the skull which Ford's bullet had made. It was as large as a quarter and situated behind the left ear. The remains were placed in a new black coffin with a simple name plate of silver on top.

The identification of the remains was complete and unquestioned. Often since the bandit's death it has been asserted that he was not killed, but had played a trick on the authorities. Often, too, it has been asserted that his body was stolen either before or after burial. Both of these stories are set at rest for all time now; there is no longer a doubt to keep them alive.

RECALL OF WU TING FANG.

Chinese Minister to the United States Leaves Washington.

The recall of Wu Ting Fang, Chinese minister to the United States, has occasioned sincere regret throughout official circles in Washington. The loss of Minister Wu and the appointment of his successor have been anticipated in Washington for some time. Some time ago Mr. Wu was selected to assist in the codifications of the laws of China, and since then it has been known that it was only a question of time till he would leave. Besides being an accomplished diplomat, Mr. Wu is a lawyer of ability and was chosen for the important work because of his special fitness for such duty.

Minister Wu has long been one of the most popular diplomats at the national capital. During the dark days of the Boxer insurrection in China he became especially prominent. His diplomacy at that time marked him as the friend not only of this country, but of the civilized world. It was he who persuaded Secretary Hay to believe that the ministers in the foreign legation at Pekin had not been massacred, while nearly all the world believed otherwise. He repeatedly assured Secretary Hay that he had received authentic messages which convinced him that the reports which had reached London of the massacre were untrue. He also declared that he could get a message through from Secretary Hay to Minister Conger in Pekin. Hay, however, had little confidence in Wu's representations, but finally gave the Chinese minister a cipher message to Minister Conger which nobody else in China could understand or answer. It was placed in Minister Conger's hands in besieged Pekin, and when the reply reached Secretary Hay in Washington the civilized world learned for the first time that the legations in Pekin still were intact, and that they yet could be saved. Then it was that General Chaffee led the march to Pekin under orders from Washington, relieved the legations and saved the lives of all the foreigners there.

MINISTER WU TING FANG.

This action, however, though it was of inestimable aid to the civilezed world, made bitter enemies for Minister Wu in China. This fact gives much weight to the report that Minister Wu may not return to China, but will remain in this country and practice law. He will not, however, make known his intentions at present and all reports of that nature are without foundation.

Wu Ting Fang has unquestionably raised the Chinese embassy at Washington to a high diplomatic and social plane, in that respect having far surpassed all his predecessors. He is a witty and entertaining public speaker and also established a high reputation as an after-dinner talker. His loss will be a serious one to the diplomatic corps in Washington and to our government, which reposed absolute confidence in the sterling representative of the Flowery Kingdom.

OXYGEN TO CURE BALDNESS; ALSO SAID TO CURE CONSUMPTION.

The use of gas to make the hair grow is one of the latest medical discoveries. The gas employed is oxygen.

A large cap fits tightly round the head and is supplied with oxygen from a bag which is slung over the patient's shoulders. It is worn for a few hours every day, and even in cases of absolute baldness is said to produce a more or less luxuriant crop of hair.

The discovery was made at the Oxygen hospital, London. The gas is used for the cure of quite a number of diseases. A woman was undergoing the oxygen cure for skin disease, and one of her arms had for many days been placed in a light airtight box filled with the gas. It was soon noticed that on that part of the arm that was unaffected by the disease the growth of hair was much stimulated; and this naturally suggested oxygen as a cure for baldness.

The first experiment was made upon a woman who had completely lost her hair, and it was found that after a few weeks' treatment there was quite a strong growth. The gas is used in a very similar manner, a hollow flexible cup being placed over the head. This is connected by means of an india rubber tube to a small gas bag, and is worn day after day until a cure is affected.

But by far the greatest service that oxygen is to perform is in the cure of consumption. The patients inhale the gas for 10 hours every day and find almost immediate relief. The germs of the disease cannot exist in oxygen alone, though in common air they multiply rapidly. This is, at present, the only weak point of the system, for it is found that in practice the patient loses during the night almost all the benefit that he has derived from the inhalation of oxygen during the day. But this objection is to be swept away when a new laboratory has been built where consumptives will be made to breathe the gas day and night until a cure has been affected.

A "Sage" Pointer.

J. Pierpont Morgan, Charles M. Schwab and several friends were at Mr. Morgan's kennel looking over some of the prize hunting dogs recently before the first-named gentleman sailed for Europe. Mr. Schwab fell in love with a fine-looking pointer and asked Mr. Morgan for the dog's name.

"That dog's name is Russell Sage," said Mr. Morgan.

"And why do you call him Russell Sage?" asked Mr. Sshwab.

"Because," said the great financier, "he never loses a scent."—New York Times.

Bullets of Precious Stones.

Bullets made of precious stones are rarities in warfare. But during the fighting on the Kashmir frontier, when the British troops defeated the rebellious Hunzas, the natives used bullets of garnets incased in lead. The British preserved many as curiosities.

Considering how easily people jar loose of their money aren't you ashamed of the fact that you don't get more of it?

A LIGHTHOUSE DOG.

His Barking Saved Two Fishermen on the Maine Coast.

One of the last dots of land and light which the mariner sees as he leaves the central part of the coast of Maine is lonely Two-Bush Island. The lightkeeper who lives on the island has a dog, and it is to this fact, the Rockland Star says, that the captain and crew of the fishing-schooner Clara Bella owe their lives. As it was, they lost their schooner, loaded with fish, lost their way, and then lost the dory. They landed on Two-Bush with just the clothes they stood in.

Captain Pulk, who lives in Vinalhaven, started out in the Clara Bella with a companion after cod and haddock. They fished to the south off Matinicus about two miles, cruising along in the vicinity of Green Island Ridge.

The sky portended a storm, and at length they put in for Rockland. The storm enshrouded them. Darkness fell early, and they soon lost their reckoning. Suddenly the schooner bumped upon a rock, and a great sea swept over and filled her.

Captain Pulk and companion jumped into the dory, and in the whirlpool of waters and roaring of the storm pulled for life away from the rocks, upon which they could hear the Clara Bella pounding to pieces.

The wind blew them out to sea, but they did not know in what direction they were going. The hours dragged by in soul-torturing endeavor to keep the dory from being submerged in the seas. At midnight they again heard breakers near, but in the darkness were afraid to steer for them.

Hours of agony passed, when suddenly above the roar of water and tempest they heard the welcome barking of a dog. They they caught a faint gleam of light on the cliff. The two men began to shout for help, and in answer to their despairing cries the wind brought back to them the wild yelping of the faithful dog on Two-Bush Island. They could hear his barkings die out from the cliff as he ran back to the lighthouse in the effort to attract the attention of the light-keeper.

Every minute seemed an age to the men in the dory fighting for life in the water below the cliff. At last a light flashed from the edge of the cliff, and the joyous barking of the dog and the swinging light told them that help was at hand. They could see a coil of rope as the lantern-light cast a ray upon it, and then came a swish in the waters beside the dory.

Captain Pulk and his companion in turn tied the rope about their bodies, and after great struggles were safely landed on the wind-swept cliff. As they stood there in safety they heard the dory crash into splinters against the base of the cliff beneath them.

HE DODGED THE TIP.

Rather Rough on the Barber, but Customer Saved a Dime.

"Well, suh," said the barber as the man stepped out of the chair after having had his hair cut, "an' how does yo' all lak it, suh?"

The man stood before a looking-glass and surveyed his head carefully and admiringly.

"Well," he said, after a pause, "I've had my hair cut all over the world, and—"

"Yaas, suh," commented the black barber, delightedly.

"And by all kinds and colors of barbers. I've had my zazas clipped in Hongkong, and I've had 'em razed in Port Said."

"Yaas, suh," gurgled the barber, feeling the tip already in his mitt.

"I've had ship's barbers in the South Seas reap my harvest of hirsute, and—"

"Yaas, indeedy, suh!" chimed in the overjoyed barber.

"And I've had my tresses toyed with by the artistic ducks on the Rue des Boulevard in Paris. But this—this—"

"Yaas, suh!" put in the barber, expectantly.

"This," continued the man, as he slipped on his coat, "is the very rottenest apology for a rough-house, hemp-chop that I ever saw in my life," and then he clapped on his hat, tossed the quarter to the barber, and fled.

"That was about the only way in the world," he muttered, as he got out into the open air, "that I could have ducked the necessity of coughing up to that barber the dime that I required so badly in my business."—Washington Post.

Machine-Made Base Balls.

American ingenuity came to the front in the shape of an automatic machine for making baseballs. Each machine winds two balls at one time in the following way:

A little rubber ball, weighing three-quarters of an ounce, around which one turn has been made with the end of a skein of an old-fashioned gray stocking yarn, is slipped into the machine, then another, after which the boy in charge touches a lever, the machine starts and the winding begins. The rubber ball is thus hidden in a few seconds, and in its place appears a little gray yarn ball that rapidly grows larger and larger.

When it appears to be about half the size of the regulation baseball there is a click, the machine stops, the yarn is cut, the boy picks out the ball and tosses it into a basket. When this basket is full it is passed along to another boy, who runs a similar machine, where a half-ounce layer of worsted yarn is put on.

The next machine adds a layer of strong white cotton thread; a coating of rubber cement is next applied and a half-ounce layer of the very best fine worsted completets the ball, with the exception of the cover.

No man is half as good as he expects his daughter's husband to be.

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1902.

Geo. C. Ross succeeds himself on the Republican State Central Committee.

San Mateo may soon have a big suburban hotel added to her other attractions. The Leader of this week leads out strong for such an hostelry.

The Republican party has named an excellent State ticket. We trust the Democracy will do likewise on September 2d. And we trust both parties will put their very best men forward when it comes to nominations for county offices.

Bean pulling has already commenced, though but a small percentage of the crops are yet ripe enough.—Coast Advocate-Pennant.

Isn't it leg, instead of bean pulling that has commenced on the Coast side? We are moved to the inquiry by reason of the lively kicking going on over there of late.

The Republican State ticket is a strong one. The convention acted wisely in giving the administration of Governor Gage a unanimous endorsement. No one seriously questions either the honesty or the ability of Governor Gage. He may have made some minor mistakes, but taken as a whole his administration has been a good one.

Pardee, at the head of the ticket, is a man of acknowledged ability and of high character. Judge Beatty is to remain Chief Justice and Angelotti is to be one of his associates. This settles the character of the Supreme Court. The Executive and Judicial departments of the State government are thus placed upon the highest plane. The people will attend to the Legislative branch in November.

GLOBE SIGHTS.

Some people are afraid and call it virtue.

Never argue with a man who drinks whiskey.

Romance—Something to make people discontented.

What mean things can pass through some sweet lips!

If you associate with a fool don't let the fool control you.

In nine cases out of ten, when you feel tough, it's your liver.

In writing a letter the great genius is the one who remembers what should be left out.

It can usually be depended upon that a man who is long on hair, is short on something else.

Some men who are just on the verge of being smart, spoil everything by some fool hobby or habit.

Every one should occasionally say "Whoa!" to himself. Because his friends do not say it does not indicate that he doesn't need it.

One of the worst things that can happen to a young man is to get the notion that he can't have a good time without wasting his money.

Did it ever occur to you that the soles of your shoes go awfully fast after the first break occurs? A man is like a pair of soles in that respect.

When an "artist" makes a sketch of a sunset, he does it so seriously, although his sketch looks no more like a sunset than it looks like a flock of cyclones.—Atchison Globe.

A Royal Talisman.

For 400 years the Hohenzollern family has possessed a peculiar talisman in the shape of a black stone set in a ring, each head of the house having passed the charm on to the next in succession for many generations. Frederick the Great is said to have found the ring sealed in a package with instructions as to its preservation and transmission written by Frederick I.

Precisely what value or significance attaches to this carefully treasured bit of jewelry it would be difficult to say. Tradition says that a huge toad hopped into the royal presence centuries ago with the stone held in its mouth. As to whether the golden setting in which the stone is now preserved is due to the forethought of the intelligent toad or to the afterthought of the Hohenzollerns tradition fails to enlighten us.

Economical.

Whyte—Browne is very economical, isn't he?

Black—Browne? Well, I'll tell you. Browne is the sort of man who when he wants an awl and hasn't any instead of buying one will go to work to make one by straightening out a corkscrew.

A Musical Accompaniment.

"Don't you think Will has a musical laugh?"

"Indeed I do! I notice he always laughs when you try to sing."—Denver News.

REMARKABLE ANIMAL SURGERY.

Dentist to the Hippopotamus and Chiropodist to the Elephant.

THERE is probably no animal, outside of the range of conventional domestic pets, which provokes so much curiosity among, or proves such a magnet of amusement to, the juvenile fraternity, either at the circus or Zoological Gardens, as the elephant. This ponderous and apparently clumsy, albeit, as a rule, perfectly harmless and docile creature is a never-ending source of delight to children. Especially is this the case with "Big Tom," the noble creature in the public Central Park of New York. He is an unusually tractable and playful animal, and consequently is a great favorite with the youngsters.

But one day "Big Tom" suddenly changed his manner. He became vicious, and the keeper, apprehensive that he might hurt some of his young visitors, fastened him up out of the way. Contemporaneously, the elephant displayed a difficulty in walking. At first the keeper could not assign any reason for this unexpected development on the part of his charge, and forthwith subjected the animal to a minute diagnosis. But he could not discover any reason to which either the animal's bad temper or lameness could be attributed, since "Big Tom" appeared to be enjoying the best of health.

FILING DOWN THE TEETH.

The keeper, however, observed that the animal was lame in his legs, and also that his toenails had grown to an unusual extent. It then occurred to the man that possibly the animal's crippled condition was due to the abnormal size of his toenails. If such were the case, then the pain "Big Tom" endured while walking would be excruciating, and would account for his display of bad temper. The keeper thereupon decided to cut and trim the creature's nails, as, even if the operation did not cure the malady, it would at any rate do no harm. Had "Big Tom" been roaming about in his native jungle, plowing and plodding in the heavy, rough soil, the nails would have been kept down to their proper size, but as he was deprived of these natural means of chiropody, then the same result would have to be accomplished by artificial means.

But the task was not so easy as it appeared from a cursory glance. The keeper realized that the work would have to be carried out with consummate skill, if the result were to be attended with satisfactory success. To insure this end, a special set of tools were prepared. This peculiar chiropody outfit comprised a saw, chisel, sharp knife, coarse rasp, sandpaper and smooth polishers, all specially manufactured for the operation.

The elephant's legs were secured to the ground by means of chains to prevent movement, but otherwise "Big Tom" was left entirely free, since as the nails are of hard horn no pain would be experienced in the actual cutting, though as the flesh around the nails had become inflamed and tender,

SAWING OFF THE TUSKS.

it was feared that the creature might strongly emphasize its disapproval of the operation by dealing its keeper a powerful blow with its trunk. Despite this possibility, however, no interference was made with regard to the freedom of the animal's trunk. Subsequent events proved that all qualms on this point were groundless.

The saw was first utilized to cut away a large quantity of superfluous nail, and this tool was followed by the chisel, which removed the portions inaccessible to the saw. The animal at first appeared a trifle fidgety, but displayed no resentment to the manipulations of the operator, as if he comprehended that the labor of the keeper was to his own advantage.

Sawing and chiseling completed, the chiropodist proceeded to rub down the nails to their required shape with the coarse rasp. This filing proved no light task, as the texture of the nail was exceedingly hard and great care had to be exercised that the tool did not slip and injure the leg of "Big Tom," in which event he would doubtless have reminded the operator of his clumsiness in a most forcible manner by means of his trunk. The filing process accomplished to the surgeon's satisfaction, he proceeded to complete his operation by smoothing and polishing the trimmed nails with the sandpaper.

When the task was completely achieved, the elephant was released from its fetters, and to the unbounded delight of his keeper, "Big Tom's" lameness had completely disappeared, and his quondam good temper had returned. Now, whenever "Big Tom" evinces the slightest trace of bad temper, his toenails are immediately trimmed. The operation always works like a charm. "Cutting the toenails is an infallible cure for an elephant's bad temper" is now the precept of "Big Tom's" keeper.

Another interesting and extraordinary animal surgical operation was recently undertaken in the arena of a well-known traveling circus before a few privileged spectators. The creature on this occasion was a hippopotamus, and the complaint was that some of his teeth had grown to such an abnormal length that it was only with considerable difficulty and pain that the brute could masticate his food. Few creatures are so valuable to the traveling showman as the hippopotamus. These animals are neither so plentiful nor so easily caught as the elephant, and as they seldom thrive in captivity they are, therefore, most highly prized by their fortunate proprietors.

The particular hippopotamus upon whom this unique dental operation was performed is an unusually fine specimen of its kind, and its welfare is accordingly zealously attended to by its owner. It is affectionately called "Babe," by no means an appropriate sobriquet, when it is remembered that he turns the scale at just under two tons; but the creature is as docile as a child, which favorable characteristic suggested the name to its owner.

HOW A SQUARE YARD OF NEW SKIN WAS GRAFTED ON.

"Babe" has an unusually finely developed set of teeth, numbering twenty-eight in all. Among these are two very prominent teeth, properly called tusks, growing out of the lower jaw. They start in a vertical direction, but bend in a backward, graceful curve. They are two of the most useful teeth to the hippopotamus, being requisitioned by the animal for tearing up the trees and bushes upon which it thrives, since it is purely a herbaceous animal.

Under normal conditions these tusks grow to about six inches in length. The rough work to which they are subjected by the creature when roaming through the forests in quest of food prevents them from growing to a very great length. But in the luxurious residence of the menagerie cage, and the preparation of dainty dishes of loaves, hay and branmash, the tusks have no hard chewing to do. Therefore, they grow to such a length that if not cut back they would pierce the upper jaw, prevent "Babe" from eating, and gradually starve him to death. Consequently, "Babe" has to submit to periodical overhaulings of his teeth—the operation takes place on the average about once a year.

In the front of the mouth, also in the lower jaw, are two other prominent teeth, projecting straight forward. These are not used for biting, but for digging up the earth when the animal fancies a tasty root for dinner. These also, in "Babe's" case, have to be kept cut back, though they do not cause him so much inconvenience, when too long, as the tusks.

To enable the operation to be satisfactorily performed, "Babe" was led out into the arena and placed near a stout iron post which had been deeply and rigidly fixed into the ground. The hippopotamus looked about him quizzically as if endeavoring to divine what move was in contemplation. Chains were passed round his short legs, and fastened firmly to the ground. "Babe," not quite comprehending the meaning of this secure hobbling, gave a sonorous grunt, and looked threateningly at his keeper. But at this juncture a loaf was offered to him, and his momentary anger was instantly appeased.

"Babe" was then enticed to open his mouth widely by means of further dainties held temptingly above his nose. At first he refused point blank, but he finally succumbed to the bait, and opened his capacious jaws to the extent of two feet. Immediately two assistants, standing in position, dexterously threw chains over the distended jaws—one over the lower and the second over the upper—and passed the ends through ringbolts fixed to the post. "Babe" attempted to close his jaw, but in vain. He was a secure prisoner, bound literally foot and mouth.

The keeper then proceeded to perform the necessary operation with all possible celerity. For this delicate dental work the menagerie proprietor has provided a special outfit, consisting of a small, finely tenoned saw, three files, one of which is about as coarse as a wood rasp, and the other two very fine and more suited for polishing purposes. The files are only cut upon one side, the other faces being covered with thick and soft leather, so that in the event of the file slipping off the tooth, the brute's mouth would not be wounded in any way.

The front digging teeth first claimed attention. The keeper set to work with a will, merrily filing at the teeth as if he were rasping a piece of wood fixed in a vice. The animal gurgled and spluttered, and large tears, like balls of crystal, rolled from his eyes. He grew restless, and in two or three minutes his struggles became so violent that the operator had to desist.

When "Babe" had quieted down once more, the dentist again set to work vigorously, and ceased for a few moments every time the hippopotamus grew restless. Probably the animal suffered little real pain, but experienced a disagreeable sensation as the strong steel file rasped over the bone, which proved to be extremely hard. At the end of five minutes, one tooth had been filed down an inch and a quarter, and before a quarter of an hour had elapsed both the digging teeth had been treated and polished.

A curious feature was observed during the operation. The body of the animal appeared to be bathed in blood, and the ground immediately beneath it was dyed a deep red. This was due to "Babe" violently perspiring, as the perspiration of the hippopotamus, when excited, is red in color.

The dental surgeon then directed his skill to the tusks. This task was considerably facilitated by sawing off the tusk to the desired length, and then finally grinding the teeth down to the requisite shape by the files. They were then polished, and the unpleasant operation was completed. Great excitement now followed. Every man, with the exception of the keeper, decamped from the scene of action. The keeper then hurriedly knocked away the chains holding the animal's mouth, and also quickly hied him to a safe distance, in case "Babe" proved obstreperous. The hippopotamus closed his released mouth with a snap, and spluttered viciously with violent anger. He glared at the keeper as if he would have liked to have killed his tormentor. He opened and closed his mouth several times, found his teeth more comfortable, and then signified his appreciation of what had been done to him by sniffing about for something to munch. The keeper warily approached with an appetizing pail of branmash, which "Babe" devoured with great zest. The shackles were knocked off his legs, at which the brute gave a grunt of satisfaction. All signs of viciousness had vanished and he accompanied the keeper back to the cage with the greatest content, entering which the animal lay down and went to sleep.

One of our illustrations depicts what is indubitably an unparalleled operation in the annals of pachydermatous dermatology. The elephant, so securely strapped by heavy chains to the ground, is having a square yard of new skin grafted on to its shoulder. Belle—that is the elephant's name—was getting out of a railway carriage, when the vehicle gave a sudden jolt, and she was thrown heavily to the ground. As she fell and struck an iron cage standing near by, and severely lacerated her shoulder, the abrasion extending over a space of one square inch.

Specialists were called in, and it was resolved to remove some of the tender growing skin from the young elephant, and to graft it on to Belle's wound. The mother was chained on her side to the ground, and a small section removed from the baby's leg and applied to Belle's wound. The skin adhered to the lacerated flesh, and gradually the abrasion was closed up. A small portion only was operated upon at a time, and the wound was soon completely healed. —Frederick A. Talbot, in London Magazine.

PLACEBO PRESCRIPTIONS.

An Old Doctor Tells a Secret of His Profession.

"Never tell a patient that there is nothing the matter with him," said the old doctor, who was revealing the secrets of his profession. "If you do, you make a lifelong enemy and lose your patient, who sends for another doctor. Give him something, if it is only flavored water. If the disease is only imaginary, cure the imagination with a harmless dose, and your patient gets well. In the profession we call such prescriptions 'placebos,' and more wonderful cures are effected by placebos than the world wots of. So, also, when you run across a patient who announces the first thing that he cannot take certain sorts of medicine, don't tell him he must. Agree with him and give him the medicine, if he needs it, in a disguised form.

"There are thousands of people who labor under the conviction that they cannot take quinine and will tell you that they have never taken it in their lives, while at the same time they may be taking large doses of it. The taste of quinine is hard to disguise, but if administered in a pill the patient can be made to take it and never suspect what he has swallowed. The trouble is the patient is apt to recognize a quinine pill by its appearance, to suspect, bite into the pill and thus discover your ruse. To obviate this difficulty druggists now have pills of quinine made in odd shapes and colors. Pink pills, containing nothing but quinine and a little harmless coloring matter, are a favorite form for use in cases where an antiquinine crank has to be medicated. In giving a placebo it is not wise to have it taste too well. The patient is apt to suspect if you do. And be sure that you gravely impress upon the patient that only a teaspoonful is to be taken at a time and that at stated intervals. The whole virtue of a placebo exists in the solemnity and importance with which you surround it."—New York Press.

On Sure Ground.

A well known artist overheard a countryman and his wife ridiculing his picture, which represented a farm scene. He was so indignant that he at last interposed with the remark:

"That painting is valued at £100. Allow me to ask if you are familiar with works of art?"

"Not very familiar with art," replied the farmer, "but I know something about nature, young man. When you make a cow that gets up from the ground by putting her fore feet first, you do something that nature never did."—London Answers.

Stupidity and the Nose.

Children with accidental affections of the nostrils which grow chronic become stupid. An ill working mucous membrane is enough to make a child a dunce. It may be that snuff became the rage in Europe toward the end of the seventeenth century because it stimulated this member in the noses of august and illustrious persons.

Beyond His Limit.

Husband (examining railway ticket) —Why, according to the announcement on this excursion ticket it's only good for ten days.

Wife—Well, why complain of that. It's a good deal more of a guarantee in that line than you can give.—Richmond Dispatch.

"Hivens, Moike, th' eye av ye! Phat's the matther?"

"I sthruck a man yisterday an' he gave me a receipt for it."—Ohio State Journal.

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TOWN NEWS

Monday is Labor Day.

Don't forget the Butchers' ball next Saturday.

A. Kluegel of Sunnyside was a visitor here Sunday.

Big stock and low prices at Debenedetti & Montevaldo's.

W. F. Bailey has repapered the interior of Tom Connelly's saloon.

Mrs. Maggie Hooten left Tuesday for her home at Anaconda, Colorado.

Born.—At Millbrae, August 26th, to the wife of Station Agent Jas. R. Murphy, a ten-pound boy.

Mr. J. L. Wood has just finished the work of covering the water tanks on San Bruno road.

Rossi's vegetable garden begins to show the effect of steady work and regular irrigation.

Miss Agnes Thompson of San Jose is spending a week here, the guest of Mrs. A. McSweeney.

Milo B. Kellogg of this place has been granted a pension of $6 per month by Uncle Sam.

Rev. D. O. Kelly will celebrate Holy Communion at Grace Mission Sunday, August 31st, 11 a. m.

Tom Ahkman of San Francisco was in town Wednesday. Tom has been in Alaska the past three years.

August Kluegel has erected an ornamental and useful iron fence in front of his house on Grand avenue.

John Debenedetti was down from South San Francisco on a short visit this week.—Advocate-Pennant.

Picnic and barbecue at Union Park on Monday, September 1st, Labor Day, for the benefit of St. Michael parish.

Help yourself by helping your neighbor, which means patronize home dealers wherever and whenever you can.

Mr. Justin Fourcans has given his residence a fresh new dress of paint. There are others that need the same treatment.

Supervisor John Coleman and ex-Supervisor H. Q. Tilton were on the coast side Wednesday and Thursday.—Advocate Pennant.

Registration still lags in this precinct. There is less than one month left for registration and unless voters look to it many will get left.

If you want to enjoy a real holiday on Monday next take the train or electric car and step off at Colma. Go to Union Park and take part in the picnic and barbecue given for the benefit of St. Michael parish.

W. R. Markt, the genial and wide-awake proprietor of "The Real Thing," on San Bruno road, returned from his vacation last week and is at home again to callers and friends at his model road house on San Bruno Road.

Real estate bought and sold; houses rented; taxes paid; conveyancing done; leases and other legal papers drawn by E. E. Cunningham, real estate agent and notary public. Postoffice building. *

The trial of Joseph Briggan, the dairyman for the murder of his hired man, Joseph Martli, was concluded on Saturday last, and resulted in a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree. A recommendation by the jury for life imprisonment saved Briggan from the gallows. The court sentenced him to San Quentin for life.

If you desire to feel safe, sleep sound and fortify your credit, don't fail to have a policy of fire insurance to cover your property, and to secure such protection in sound companies, call on E. E. Cunningham, at Postoffice building.

Rev. Father Cooper will take all the school children of this district from Baden station to Union Park and return them to Baden station, free of charge, on Labor Day, Monday, September 1st. This generous offer will enable the children to have a good time at the picnic and barbecue. Tickets for all children who may desire to get a free ride to and from the picnic can be had at the Postoffice.

A band of about two hundred head of range cattle, being driven from the Quintin ranch near San Gregorio to the San Joaquin valley, passed through town Thursday in charge of half a dozen vaqueros. Considerable difficulty was experienced in getting the herd through the streets to Pablo Vasquez' corral, where they were held over night. The cattle belong to Howard Tilton.—Advocate-Pennant.

The dance given by Messrs. Debenedetti and Montevaldo in their new building last Saturday evening was a most enjoyable affair. The good people of this town were nearly all there, besides a large number from other localities. Among the latter were the Misses Edna Hatch, Vera Vallejo, Anna McGovern and Agnes Debenedetti and Messrs. Frank Campbell, Chas. Gonzales, Phillip Gonzales, Fred Vallejo, Jos. Daneri, Frank McGovern and Geo. Debenedetti, all of Halfmoon Bay, and Miss Emma Geosennetti of San Francisco.

ST. MICHAEL'S PARISH PICNIC.

Enjoyable Outing Promised All Who Attend—Various Games, Irish Dancing and Select Music.

There will be a picnic and barbecue of St. Michael's Parish on Labor Day, September 1st, 1902, at Union Coursing park. Games of all kinds, racing, etc., will be encouraged. Irish dancing a specialty. An enjoyable outing guaranteed to all who attend. Park band will furnish select music. Adults, 25 cents; admission for children free.

SAN BRUNO SCHOOL.

Each room of our school is now supplied with an American flag upon a substantial standard. Most of the pupils are attending school regularly and they are the ones who make proper progress.

Friends of the school are cordially invited to visit the different rooms at any time.

POSSIBLY A NEW TOWNSITE.

A rumor which eminates from a thoroughly reliable source is to the effect that Messrs. Henry T. Scott and F. G. Newlands have purchased 200 acres of the Corbett ranch, near the Burlingame depot, which it is intended to subdivide into small building lots. The property will soon be placed upon the market, and it is safe to predict that within the next five years a thriving town will stand upon the tract in question. The price paid for the land was $600 per acre.—Leader San Mateo.

NO MORE HAY ON FLAT CARS.

The various agents of the Southern Pacific Company on this division have received notification from headquarters to the effect that after September 1st all hay shipments must be made in box cars and not on flat cars as formerly. The reason for this action on the part of the company is said to be because of the danger of moving hay on flat cars on the double track line.

FIFTH ANNUAL BALL.

Lodge San Mateo No. 7, Journeymen Butchers' P. & B. Association, will give its fifth annual ball at Armour Pavilion Saturday evening, September 6th, 1902. Admission 50 cents; ladies free. Music by Warren's Orchestra.

SHORT PRACTICAL COURSE IN AGRICULTURE AND HORTICULTURE.

A ten-weeks' course for practical farmers who wish to learn about the best modern methods, and then return to the ranch to apply them, has just been announced by the University of California at Berkeley. This short course in agriculture and horticulture will extend from Tuesday, October 7th, to Thursday, December 18th. A short course in dairying is offered for the same ten weeks.

The short course is open without examination to any one seventeen years of age or over, provided only that the applicant should have sufficient schooling to profit by the instruction. As accommodations are limited, the number of students will have to be restricted, those experienced in farm work being given the preference.

No charge will be made for tuition, and only for those students who wish laboratory work in butter and cheese making will there be any laboratory fee.

DEMOCRATIC COUNTY CONVENTION.

Will Convene at Library Hall, San Mateo, on September 20th.

The Democratic County Committee met at San Mateo yesterday and canvassed the vote of the recent primary elections with the result that the following delegates were declared elected to attend the State Convention at Sacramento September 6th:

At large, R. S. Thornton. First township, A. Sturla; Second township, M. F. Brown; Third township, A. Kincaid; Fourth township, G. Vallejo; Fifth township, James McCormick.

Primaries for county delegates will be held September 13th and the County Convention will meet in Library Hall, San Mateo, on the 20th. Following is the apportionment of representatives allowed to each precinct:

Baden	4
Belmont	2
Colma	7
Denniston	1
La Honda	2
Menlo Park	9
Millbrae	1
Pescadero	4
Purisima	2
Redwood No. 1	4
Redwood No. 2	6
Redwood No. 3	4
San Gregorio	1
San Mateo No. 1	5
San Mateo No. 2	4
Searsville	2
Spanishtown	5
Woodside	2

COLONIST RATES TO CALIFORNIA.

The Southern Pacific Company and connections will place in effect in the months of September and October one-way second-class colonist rates for California common points as follows: At $25 from Missouri river points, Sioux City to Kansas City, inclusive; at $25 from Houston, Texas; at $30 from St. Louis; at $30 from New Orleans; at $31 from Peoria; at $33 from Chicago; with corresponding rates from points further East. Stopovers will be allowed at the principal points in California.

THE OPEN GAME SEASON.

Game may be killed or taken in San Mateo county between the following dates:

Trout—April 1 to November 1.
Deer—August 1 to September 1.
Doves—August 1 to February 1.
Ducks—October 1 to February 1.
Quail—November 1 to February 1.
Rail—October 15 to November 15.
Shooting rail from boats at high tide prohibited.

REPUBLICAN COUNTY CONVENTION.

The Republican County Convention will consist of 82 delegates and will meet in Alhambra Hall at Redwood City at 10 o'clock a. m. of Wednesday, October 1st.

The call for the convention was issued by the Republican County Central Committee Monday, August 18th. The basis adopted for the apportionment of delegates was one delegate for every 20 votes cast for Wm. McKinley as President at the last Presidential election. The apportionment of delegates by precincts is as follows:

Baden, 7; Colma, 5; Millbrae, 2; San Mateo, First precinct, 5; Second precinct, 8; Third precinct, 3; Belmont, 4; Redwood City, First precinct, 9; Second precinct, 6; Third precinct, 2; Menlo Park, 7; Woodside, 4; Davisville, 1; La Honda, 3; Halfmoon Bay, 6; Purissima, 1; Dennison, 1; Pescadero, 6; San Gregorio, 2.

The primary election for delegates to the Republican County Convention will be held Saturday, September 27th, and the polls will be open from 1 to 6:30 o'clock of said day.

REWARD!!!

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company offer a reward of $10 for information leading to arrest and conviction of person or persons maliciously damaging its property.

NOTICE.

For Sale—Two cottages near the Postoffice. Four large rooms, hall, large pantry and bath each. Hot and cold water, electric bells. Size of lot, 50x140 feet. Will be sold if taken soon for $2300, for the lot and two houses. For terms and particulars call on or address C. L. Benjamin, No. 113 Ninth street, San Francisco, Cal., or E. E. Cunningham at Postoffice, South San Francisco, Cal.

ELECTION CALENDAR.

The following dates having reference to the general election of 1902 may be of interest to voters:

REGISTRATION.

January 2, 1902—Registration commences.
September 24—Registration closes.
October 9—All transfers from one precinct to another cease.

NOMINATIONS—TIME OF FILING.

Party—Between September 5 and September 25.
Independent—Between September 5 and October 6.

DUTY OF COUNTY CLERK.

October 7—Must send list of nominations to Secretary of State.
October 20—Must send list of nominations to county committee.

VACANCIES.

October 15.—Last day to fill vacancy on ticket.
Last day to withdraw from ticket.

OFFICERS AND POLLING PLACES

September 29—Supervisors appoint election officers; Supervisors designate polling places.

PRINTING INDEX.

October 30—County Clerk sends the copy of supplemental index to the printer.

PROCLAMATION.

October 25—Publish proclamation for ten days.

SAMPLE BALLOTS.

October 25—Commence mailing.
October 31—Finish mailing.

DAY OF ELECTION.

Tuesday, November 4, 1902.
Polls open at 6 a. m. Close 5 p. m.

CANVASS RETURNS.

November 10 — Supervisors commence to canvass the returns and continue daily until completed.—Coast Advocate-Pennant.

ADVANTAGES OF SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO AS A MANUFACTURING CENTER.

A low tax rate.

An equable and healthful climate.

The only deep water on the peninsula south of San Francisco.

Directly on the Bay Shore line of the Southern Pacific Railway and only ten miles from the foot of Market street, San Francisco.

A ship canal which enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

An independent railroad system, which provides ample switching facilities to every industry.

Waterworks with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district.

Thirty-four hundred acres of land in one compact body fronting on the bay of San Francisco, affording cheap and advantageous sites for all sorts of factories.

Several large industries already in actual and successful operation.

An extensive and fine residence district, where workingmen may secure land at reasonable prices and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

FOR SALE.

Lot 50x140, with cottage of four rooms, bath, basement, laundry, etc. For price and terms apply to Mrs. H. M. Hawkins.

FOR SALE.

Good improved business lot. Pays good interest on price asked. Inquire of E. E. Cunningham.

FOR SALE.

Bedstead and washstand. Inquire of Mrs. Geo. Dreisse.

KILLED THE SPIDER.

Deadly Influence of a Small Magnet on the Insect.

An experiment made by a scientist to test the influence which a magnet will have on a spider is of interest. The magnet employed was a small steel one of the U shape, the legs of which were about two and a half inches long by one-half inch wide and one-sixth of an inch thick, the distance between the poles being about one-quarter of an inch.

Having noticed a small spider actively running along his armchair, he brushed it off upon the carpet, where it began to run, but was somewhat impeded by the roughness of the fabric. He now slid the magnet along the carpet, following after the spider, till the ends of the poles were within a quarter of an inch of it. The animal, without being touched, almost instantly stopped, and on withdrawing the magnet the spider continued on his journey.

The experimenter then placed the magnet within half an inch in front of the spider, and, withdrawing it slowly, the latter followed it in every direction which the magnet took, both in straight and circuitous routes.

Gradually, however, the spider became so strongly magnetized as to be immovable for several minutes, the magnetic influence seeming to lose its further power. On withdrawing the magnet altogether the spider began to recover somewhat.

The scientist ultimately placed a tumbler over the spider and the magnet, covering them both completely, and at the expiration of several minutes the spider, after a struggle to escape from the strong influence which the magnet exercised over it, was dead.—Exchange.

To suffer an hour with and for one we love brings us nearer in spirit to him than many years of joyous companionship, for only in sorrow does the heart reveal itself.

FLOWER AND TREE.

Salpiglossis is a pretty, showy annual, easy to raise and worthy a place in the garden.

The birch grows farther north than any other tree. Next comes the Siberian larch and then the fir.

The dark spot in the center of a bean blossom is the nearest approach to black that occurs in any flower.

Sunflowers may be transplanted quite easily if the work is done on a rainy day or in the cool of the evening.

Preserve a green lawn in the center of the garden, however small. This is needed to set off the flowers and for purposes of relief.

Mignonette is so unobtrusive that its presence is often betrayed by its sweet scent merely, but a large bed of mignonette should be in every garden.

Dissolve fresh lime in water, allow sediment to settle and saturate earth in which small, white worms have been noticed with the clear solution thus made.

That "it is never too late to set out roses" is a true word about gardening. But "the earlier the better, so long as the frost is out of the ground," is a maxim no less worthy of dependence.

A Spiny Monster.

For sheer ferocity of appearance, unredeemed by any milder facial attributes, a lizard called after "Moloch horrid king" Moloch horridus is pre-eminent among reptiles. The body of this Australian reptile is so covered with spines that, as it has been put, nature seems to have endeavored to ascertain how many spines could be inserted on a given area. But, unlike its tutelary deity, who seems really to have spelled himself Molech, the lizard does not demand the blood of children. It is, indeed, vegetarian and only fiery in that it has a curious faculty of absorbing and drying up water. A specimen placed in a shallow dish was observed to attract the water like a piece of blotting paper.—Westminster Gazette.

Starting the Conversation.

"I don't know what the trouble is," said the hostess in a tone of great annoyance. "My guests seem very distant and unsocial. I wish I could think of some way to start them talking to one another."

"That's very easily done," answered Miss Cayenne. "Is there a musician present?"

"Yes."

"Get him to play or sing something."—Washington Star.

MARKET REPORT.

CATTLE—Desirable cattle of all kinds are selling at strong prices and are not plentiful.

SHEEP—Sheep of all kinds are selling at steady prices.

HOGS—Hogs are in demand at steady prices.

PROVISIONS—Provisions are in fair demand at steady prices.

LIVESTOCK—The quoted prices are ₱ lb (less 50 per cent shrinkage on Cattle), delivered and weighed in San Francisco, stock to be fat and merchantable.

CATTLE—No. 1 Fat Native Steers, 8½@9c; 2d quality, 8c; No. 1 Cows and Heifers, 7@7¼c; No. 2 Cows and Heifers, 6½c; thin Cows, 4@6c.

HOGS—Hard, grain-fed, 250 lbs and under, 6½@6¾c; over 250 to 300 lbs, 6@6¼c; rough, heavy hogs, 4½@5.

SHEEP—Desirable Wethers, dressing 50 lbs. and under, 3¾@4c; Ewes, 3½@3¾c. Spring Lambs, 4½@4¾.

CALVES—Under 250 lbs, alive, gross weight, 5@5½c; over 250 lbs, 4¼@4½c.

FRESH MEAT—Wholesale Butchers' prices for whole carcasses.

BEEF—First quality steers, 7c; second quality, 6½@6¾c; first quality cows and heifers, 6@6½c; second quality, 6c; third quality, 5@5½c.

VEAL—Large, 7½@8c; small, good, 9@10c; common, 6@7c.

MUTTON—Wethers, heavy, 7½@8c; light, 8@8½c; Heavy Ewes, 7@7½c; Light Ewes, 7½@8c; Spring Lambs, 9@9½c.

DRESSED HOGS—Hard, 9½@10c.

PROVISIONS—Hams, 15¼@16c; picnic hams, 10½c; Atlanta ham, 11½c; New York, shoulder, 11c.

BACON—Ex. Lt. S. C. bacon, 18c; light S. C. bacon, 17½c; med. bacon, clear, 13c; Lt. med. bacon, clear, 13½c; clear, light bacon, 15c; clear ex. light bacon, 15½c.

BEEF—Extra Family, bbl, $13.50; do, hf-bbl, $7.00; Family Beef, bbl, $13.00; hf-bbl, $6.75; Extra Mess, bbl, $13.00; do, hf-bbl, $6.75.

PORK—Dry Salted Clear Sides, heavy, 11¾c; do, light, 12c; do, Bellies, 12@12¼c; Extra Clear, bbls., $24.00; hf-bbls., $12.25, Soused Pigs' Feet, hf-bbls., $4.15; do, kits; $1.00.

LARD—Prices are ₱ lb:

	Tcs.	½-bbls.	50s.	20s.	10s.	5s.
Compound	8¾	9	9	9⅛	9½	9⅝
Cal. pure	13	13¼	13¼	13⅜	13¾	13⅞

In 3-lb tins the price on each is ⅛c higher than on 5-lb tins.

CANNED MEATS—Prices are per case of 1 dozen and 2 dozen tins: Corned Beef, 2s, $2.35; 1s $1.35; Roast Beef, 2s $2.35; 1s, $1.35.

IF YOU WANT
GOOD MEAT
Ask your butcher for meat from the great Abattoir at South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

San Mateo County
Building and Loan
Association.
Assets, - - - $175,000.00.
Loans made on the Ordinary or Definite Contract plans, paying out in from five to twelve years as may be desired, with privilege of partial or total repayment before maturity.
No ADVANCE PREMIUM or unnecessary expense.
GEO. W. LOVIE, Secretary,
Redwood City, Cal.

"Crusader"
UP-TO-DATE
$3.50 Shoe

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THOS. F. FLOOD, AGENT.
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The Real Thing.
A Genuine Wayside Inn.
Admirably situated in a beautiful grove on the old San Bruno Bay Road, the finest driveway out of San Francisco.
Where you will find the choicest refreshments, both solid and liquid, the San Francisco market affords.
Where comfort and good cheer are dispensed with a cordial hospitality.
Call, see it, and sample the good things, and you will come again.
W. R. MARKT, Proprietor.

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Carpenter and General Jobbing Work.
Estimates Made, Plans Drawn.
Orders Solicited.
South San Francisco, Cal.

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MME. MARQUIS, PROPRIETRESS
No. 10 Grand Avenue - South San Francisco
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Fine Fluting, Laces Done Up Like New
Particular attention paid to
FLANNELS, BLANKETS AND CURTAINS

BADEN SHOE STORE
First-Class Stock
BOOTS : and : SHOES,
Constantly on hand and for sale
Below City Prices.
All kinds of Foot Gear made to order and Repairing neatly done.
P. L. KAUFFMANN, Prop.
GRAND AVE., South San Francisco.

"RYETAB" WHISKEY BEANS
"RYETAB" WHISKEY BEAN
Something absolutely new and with which we have experimented for years.
One Bean makes one glass Artificial Whiskey (Rye or Bourbon); six Beans to the pint. Just the thing for travelers, and convenient for picnics, excursions, etc.
Contains all the virtue of the best whiskies without the deleterious effect. Made from the pure vegetable matter, and guaranteed to contain no poisonous or narcotic drugs of any description.
If a beverage is not desired, a Bean may be taken in the mouth without water, and the most exhilarating effect will be experienced.
BOX OF 12 BEANS 50C.
The Beans retail at 10c each, and can be procured from any druggist, fancy grocer, or first-class bar. For sale on dining cars.
One box sent postpaid on receipt of 50 cts.
"RYETAB" WHISKEY BEAN
Ginseng Distilling Co.
DISTILLERS OF
RYE AND BOURBON WHISKIES
ST. LOUIS, - - - MO.

Topics of the Times

Even the man who thinks twice before he speaks is often sorry he said it.

King Edward ought hereafter to be able to give the hollow, mocking laugh to several of his superstitions.

Tell a girl she is "pretty as a picture" and she never stops to consider how unattractive some pictures are.

When the Boers get back to farming they will do well if they make furrows with the same facility that they made history.

Many a man earns his bread by the sweat of his brow, and many another man sweats when he tackles the bread made by his wife.

Dowie says storms are caused by the devil. Still, the people of Texas may as well keep on directing their petitions the other way when they pray for rain

Some people claim that Senator Clark of Montana, who has lots of hair and can eat pastry, is a richer man than Rockefeller. But they are mean ones who like to make others unhappy.

Experience is showing that a volcano is extinct in the same relative sense that a tiger is tame. When the time for making trouble comes the mountain sends out its river of fire, and the beast strikes home.

To go down in one of the navy's new submarine torpedo boats affords a peculiarly novel sensation even to persons who have been up in balloons and down in mines. They feel as if they were riding in the body of a mechanical fish, so complete is the submergence. Meaphorically, if not literally, they "breathe easier" when the surface is again reached.

Railway travel is fast losing its perils. According to reports recently made public in London, not a passenger was killed on any English railway in 1901, and only eleven people who were not passengers received fatal injuries. American railways may be better equipped than those across the water, but they have not yet approached the new English record for safety.

A century ago parts of the middle West were among the most densely wooded portions of the country. Assistant-Superintendent Hall of the Bureau of Forestry has been doing missionary work in some parts of this region. A little pamphlet which he has issued shows that much has already been done in the way of planting trees. The artificial timber area of the middle West already aggregates several hundred thousand acres. Mr. Hall believes that the time has come when capital may wisely be invested in this work on a large scale, with a certainty of large and continious returns after a term of years. Many of the more important railroads have adopted the plan of planting their unoccupied land in trees.

Great Britain has been represented in the United States by thirty-one different diplomats since George III. sent George Hammond over in 1791. Only seven of them have had a title, and only three of these, of whom the late Baron Pauncefote was one, were lords. The Hon. Michael Henry Herbert, who is to succeed Lord Pauncefote, is not even a baronet. He is "honorable" because he is the younger son of the heir to an earldom. He has served in Washington as secretary of the British legation there, and is a skilled diplomat. He believes in the Anglo-American alliance, as he married an American wife. In this respect the Duke of Arcos, the retiring Spanish minister, is like him. The new Spanish minister, Senor de Ojeda, is not so well known as Mr. Herbert, for he has not been in Washington before. He comes here from Tangier, from North Africa to North America.

"Senator, I don't like your questions a bit, I did not like them yesterday, and I don't like them to-day. I am not responsible for what others write or say," retorted Admiral Dewey when Senator Patterson tried to force upon the Admiral the writings of others as his own views. Coming from most witnesses, this language might have been classed as insulting to a member of the committee. But Dewey outranks a United States Senator and had the courage to talk out bluntly. The Admiral's retort, however, is a reminder that in courts and before committees there is too much disregard of the right of witnesses. Most men who mount the witness stand do so unwillingly. Many sacrifice business interests and even friendships to tell the truth. Without witnesses the American law would fail. Therefore, the witness is entitled to the utmost courtesy, but he more often gets abuse. This is an evil which often balks justice. People dodge the witness stand and evil results follow. If the Judges generally were to assert themselves, and confine lawyers to the evidence, rather than to the abuse of witnesses, the interests of justice would be much better served.

They say it was overwork that made King Edward sick, but he may have had a look at Alfred Austin's ode before it was given out for publication.

All those stories to the effect that King Edward was a physical wreck on account of excessive dissipation are shown to be unfounded. His constitution must be good. Perityphlitis couldn't kill him, and the doctors couldn't feed him to death.

As a general thing a boy is more interested in the art of wiggling his ears than he is in educational problems.

It is truthfully said in behalf of Alfred Austin that his poetry is always perfectly ladylike. Let us give credit where credit is due.

Many a man who thinks he is a hero to his wife is merely a freak with a swelled head.

Much of the trouble in this world is due to the fact that ignorance isn't bliss.

Never was engineer hoist with his own petard more appropriately and righteously than the White Capper who was ushered into kingdom come with the stick of dynamite with which he contemplated blowing up a neighbor's house.

It seems that the mysterious "Mr. Cutler," the largest stockholder in the United States steel trust, is just plain Mr. Rockefeller in disguise. Poor "Mr. Cutler." He can't eat pie or raise enough hair to part after all.

There recently came to us an appeal from a young man who wants to locate where there is more "luck" than in his home city. He says he earns a living, but "can't seem to do any better than that." The man who is "luck" hunting—who expects to improve his condition in life by accident—will probably die poor. The young man who has a fair education and good health, and who uses the word "can't" is a good deal of a coward. It is doubtful if he is worth saving. No man can progress without intelligent effort and hard work, and the two combined will accomplish wonders. It is true that John D. Rockefeller was once an errand boy, and Thomas A. Edison a "train butcher." It is also true that the young men of to-day are surfeited and sick of the lessons drawn from the lives of a few very rich men. Very well! Read about another type. Eighteen years ago a Norwegian lad landed at Ashtabula, Ohio. He was very green, very poor, and didn't know a word of English. He didn't waste time hunting for a job that wouldn't make his back ache or his fingers sore. He was ready to do anything honest, and he wandered on to the great farm of W. H. Brown and found a place. He worked days and studied evenings. The fact that Brown owned the farm, and that he was Brown's hired man, didn't bother him a bit. He made up his mind that he would be as big a man as his employer some day, and he went at it in the right way. Incidentally he fell in love with Elizabeth Brown. He didn't attempt an elopement, and his mind was above $20 a month and love in two rooms. One day he shipped on a lake steamer. He worked hard and intelligently. Every year found him holding a better job than he had held the year previous. Finally he became Captain Oscar Olson and was placed in charge of the John Smeaton, one of the largest and finest vessels owned by the Steel Trust. You may be sure that if he was not a good captain, a sailor to the ends of his toes, that he would not hold the place. Recently he went back to the old farm and married Elizabeth Brown, daughter of his old employer, and they are as happy as a pair of turtle doves. Don't you see what work and ambition and determination will do? Why, the story of this Norwegian, who couldn't even talk the language, ought to make some of the American boys hang their heads in shame. Don't think about "luck." Cut it out of your vocabulary. Work!

A POPULAR NEWS DEALER.

Patronized by Kings, Princes, Noblemen and Legislators.

King Edward once paid a sovereign for a paper, though his hunger for news can hardly have been desperate, says the St. James Gazette. The news vendor was Davy Stephens, the familiar figure on Kingstown pier, who had sold papers to passengers landing in Ireland for half a century. Lord Rosebery has also given "Davy" a sovereign for a copy of a daily, and the Queen of Roumania was equally generous. Davy was at the pier when Lord Wolseley returned from the first Ashantee war with a "coffee pot" on his head, and the glimpse of the conquering hero reminded Davy that on his departure Lord Wolseley had handed him half a sovereign and bade him a friendly goodby. Bismarck, when he visited Ireland, gave Davy a handful of French coppers for his papers!

The famous newsman has grown to be familiar with his great customers, and his wit is never unappreciated. The Prince of Wales, who gave Davy half a sovereign, was more amused than annoyed when Davy reminded him that he was 'only half a sovereign himself." The Duke of Edinburgh was less extravagant; he gave the newsman a three-penny bit for his paper, which Davy did not mind, seeing that an excited and ultra-loyal Irishwoman bought it from him for ten shillings. Mr. Gladstone once paid him five shillings for a copy of Punch, which Davy received as gratefully as the sovereigns of the richer men. Mr. Morley, too, belongs to Davy's "silver" friends, and the witty newsman is on excellent terms with the ex-Chief Secretary. It was from Davy that Mr. Morley more than once learned his first Irish news on reaching the Emerald Isle. Frequently Mr. Morley would say: "What's the news, Davy?" and the Irishman would reply non-committally, "All under my arm, sir."

What the Consumer Must Pay.

The first cargo of wheat from the United States to England since the British government imposed a duty on wheat imported paid $3,000.

BURYING THE DEAD AT MANILA.

HOW THE DEAD ARE BURIED AT MANILA.

The Manila cemetery consists of two circular walls, about seven feet thick pierced with holes, in which the coffins are placed. After a coffin has been deposited the hole is bricked up and faced with a memorial tablet. These graves are leased for five years, at the end of which time, unless the lease is renewed, the coffins are taken out and the bones thrown into a pile just outside the wall.

The walls of the cemetery are constructed of earth and rubble faced with stone, and the tropical rains soak through and rot the coffins. This method of burial dates back to the days of the domination of the Spanish friars.

All sorts of designs are placed on the memorial tablet which seals the tomb and sometimes after a lease expires and another body has been placed in the grave the same tablet is replaced.

The women of Manila are ever faithful in their mourning for their dead and fresh wreaths adorn the tombs of the departed ones constantly.

CHICAGO TO HAVE A HOME FOR DESITUTE DOGS.

Destitute dogs that have not the comforts of home will no longer be given the short shrift of the city pound in Chicago, owing to the ministrations of the exclusive set of society women, who have interested themselves in the cause of the lone lorn canine.

Led in the movement by Mrs. C. A. White, of Michigan avenue, 100 women will found a retreat for canines, called the Home for Destitute Dogs.

Mrs. White is a lover of animals, and the sufferings of vagabond canines appeal especially to her. She has herself a large asortment of dogs of high

MRS. C. A. WHITE.

degree, and has entertained many a "blue ribboner" in her kennels. She possesses the finest Japanese spaniels in the country, and is Vice President of the Chicago Kennel Club.

When Mrs. White invited a number of her friends to her home to see if something could not be done for the four-footed friendless, she found enthusiastic support in her philanthropic plans from the women assembled. She argued that while there was a cat hospital in the city, homeless dogs were unprovided for, and she proposed that a retreat for them be built. She offered to give up her intended visit to the seashore to perfect the scheme. The site for the home has been selected and the work of putting up the home will soon be started.

Sick as well as homeless dogs will be cared for, and the destitute dogs will be offered for adoption to any who will promise to care for them and treat them as a canine pet should be treated.

Funds for maintaining the home will be secured by subscriptions. Dogs which cannot be cured will be made away with painlessly.

SAYS LONDON IS SQUALID.

Eminent English Architect Compares It with Cities in America.

A candid friend of London appeared recently, says the London Mail, in the person of Mr. Trevail, the new president of the Society of Architects. In his presidential address at St. James hall Mr. Trevail said:

"The impression that always palls upon one when returning from either the European or American continents to London is the wretchedly narrow and insignificant looking streets, with the low, mean, small shops and dwellings by contrast with what we have just left behind us. It is of little interest to be told just how many hundreds of miles of the same sort of thing London contains more than does any other metropolis in Christendom or elsewhere.

"The fact still remains in your mind in a general sense that London looks squalid and miserable by comparison and that feeling affects one for days, until he once more gets seasoned into the old haunts and relapses into that comfortable frame of mind that, after all, even the Strand and Chancery lane, or Fleet street and Ludgate circus, with all their advertising abominations, look at least familiar and homely.

"Take the city of London. It may have some of the finest commercial palaces in the world, rivaling those of old Venice herself, but look how they are huddled together. There is positively not the space to appreciate their design, their proportions, nor their detail. Compare the Champs Elysees, Place de la Concorde, or the boulevards of Paris with our best streets and squares and where are we?

"Or, say the Ringstrasses of Vienna, or the Boulevard Andrassy at Budapest, or, carrying our thoughts across the Atlantic, to Broadway, Fifth avenue, Riverside and Central Park, New York; the Commonwealth avenue, Boston; Victoria square, Montreal; East avenue, Buffalo; Drexel boulevard, Washington avenue, or State street, Chicago; Pennsylvania avenue, Washington, or dozens of others that might be named. Alongside of these our Strand, our Whitehall, our Victoria street, Regent street, Piccadilly, Park lane, Oxford street, etc., are but wretched apologies for what leading streets and thoroughfares should be.

"If we except the Thames embankment, Shaftesbury avenue and the new thoroughfare that is about to be made between the Strand and Holborn, nothing of an adequate scale to the size and importance of this metropolis has yet been attempted. With the dilapidated, rickety, old ramshackle properties that we see in some of the best and most central parts of London, what is wanted is a general rebuilding and improving scheme fixed after mature deliberation by a competent central authority specially constituted by parliament, after consultation with the chief local authorities and perhaps the representative societies of architecture, sculpture and engineering, with a special regard to its qualifications and fitness for the purpose.

"This would be merely following the example that has been set in such capitals as Paris, Vienna and Washington."

DAMAGED BY VIOLIN-PLAYING.

Regular Vibrations of the Instrument Make Trouble with Walls.

"What force least expected does the greatest damage to buildings?" is a question which a representative of the Indianapolis News asked a well-known architect. The architect's answer may be a surprise to those who do not understand that it is the regularity of vibration that makes it powerful.

It is difficult to tell, replied the architect, but I will venture to say that you would never expect violin-playing to injure the walls of a building. Yet it certainly does. There have been instances when the walls of stone and brick structures have been seriously damaged by the vibrations from a violin. Of course these cases are unusual, but the facts are established.

The vibrations of a violin are really serious in their unseen, unbounded force, and when they come with regularity they exercise an influence upon structures of brick, stone or iron. Of course it takes continuous playing for many years to loosen masonry or to make iron brittle, but it will do it in time.

I have often thought of what the result might be if a man would stand at the bottom of a nineteen-story light well, on the first floor of the great Masonic Temple in Chicago, and play there continuously. The result could be more easily seen there than almost anywhere else, because the vibration gathers force as it sweeps upward.

A man can feel the vibrations of a violin on an iron-clad ocean vessel, and at the same time be unable to hear the music. It is the regularity which means so much. Like the constant dripping of water which wears away a stone, the incessant vibration of the violin makes its way to the walls, and attacks their solidity.

The husband of a jealous wife nearly always thinks to himself, "Well, there is some reason for it; I am a sweet old thing."

Who is the most worthless man you ever knew?

INVESTIGATING "WATER CURE."

How Such a Case Would Be Handled Before a Judge and Jury.

If the "water cure," as practiced in the Philippines, were investigated in open court by our judge, jury and witness system here at home, says the Ohio State Journal, we might expect a dialogue between the plaintiff and his attorney, who begins the conversation something like the following:

"What is your name?"

"Jose Emilio de Songissimo."

(Of course the defendant would at once object to the witness having a name like this and the objection would be noted.)

"What is your nationality?"

"I am a Filipino."

"What is your business?"

"I am engaged in the insurgent business."

"How long have you worked at that trade?"

"About three years."

"Did you ever hear of the remedy known as the 'water cure?' "

"Yes, sir."

"From whom?"

"The United States soldiers."

"Did they recommend it highly?"

"Very."

"For what maladies?"

"Insurgentitis."

"Did they prevail on you to take the water cure?"

"Yes, sir; six or seven of them prevailed on me."

"Will you state plainly, Jose, to the jury just how this 'water cure' was administered?"

"The soldiers bound me securely and while five held me the sixth inserted a hose nozzle into my mouth and turned on the water."

"You mean to say, then, that this 'water cure' is an internal remedy?"

"Both internal and external, sir; you see, when my capacity was taxed to its utmost the water overflowed and ran down my neck and over my person."

"Why did you not protest?"

"I was too full for utterance."

"Will you please state, for the benefit of the jury, how much water you swallowed, as near as you can judge?"

"I should say about two barrels."

(At this point the defendant would object and an expert specialist on the capacity of the human stomach would be called on to testify.)

"Will you kindly state to the jury what discomfort this caused you, if any?"

"I experienced a moist sensation and a feeling of fullness that seemed to border on the point of explosion. This was probably due to the fact that I am not accustomed to taking water in such large quantities."

"Did the soldiers hold any conversation with you while they were administering the 'water cure?' "

"Yes, they asked me to tell all the secrets I knew."

"Did you do it?"

"Certainly; I told them all I knew, and more, too."

"Did the operation impair your thirst for water?"

"Yes, I drank enough water on that occasion to last me all summer."

"That is all. Call the next witness."

The Carp Nuisance.

An influence that seems to have a very material effect upon the bass fishing in Lake Erie is that of the German carp. It is very generally believed among sportsmen and fishermen alike that the carp is to our native fish as the English sparrow to our birds. No one accuses the carp of having sufficient enterprise to eat other fish—even small fry—but it roots among the spawning beds and is believed to devour eggs by the million.

I have heard this complaint about Lake Erie, at the St. Clair flats and along the bays of Wisconsin, showing that everywhere in the lake region the carp is held in the same disrepute. How much truth there is in the stories of his spawn eating would be hard to say, but it is certain that carp are to be found by thousands all about the great lakes. Some of them are monsters in size and all root about the banks of bay and bayou and the bottom of every shallow place.

Many small lakes have been entered, says a writer in Outing, and their waters turned from crystal to mud color by the rooting. There is no doubt that they disturb spawn beds and do an immense amount of harm, whether they are egg-lovers or not.

Office Hours of Reed.

Hon. Thomas B. Reed goes to Maine occasionally and occupies his summer home near Old Orchard Beach during the warm months. He has become so much in demand in New York that he is often asked if he intends to become a permanent resident of the city. The way he parries the question is interesting.

"I find," he said to a group of friends, "that the financial importance of a New Yorker is gauged by the earliness with which he leaves the city or the lateness of his return; his riches are measured by the length of time he stays away."

"But how about yourself?" asked one.

"Well, he said, slowly, "I am still keeping office hours." — Philadelphia Post.

Photography in Business.

The camera promises to become as indispensable in business affairs as the typewriter. It is now being used in the reproduction of documents, statistical tables and other papers whose duplication by hand would be laborious and expensive. In a very brief period the camera reproduces these with absolute correctness and with much labor saved.

About six weeks after the wolf appears at a man's door, it looks to him as if it were holding a family reunion.

Labor Notes

There are 244 establishments, employing 9,889 glove makers, in the United States.

A crew of Italians employed on railroad work north of Marinette, Wis., struck recently on account of the mosquitoes.

Increases have been made by the Illinois Central railroad in the wages of telegraphers at certain stations and overtime granted under certain conditions.

Absolutely the newest thing in organized labor is the Greater New York Shoe Polishers' Union, No. 1, which has just been formed, with the object of regulating prices and hours. It has a membership of 800.

This is a remarkable story which comes from Massachusetts of the man who, in order to take his wife abroad to finish the training of her voice, has closed his factory and thrown 1,200 employes out of work.

A report issued by the Census Bureau on the textile industry of the United States shows that the capital invested in cotton manufacturing in the Southern States increased from $20,413,414 in 1880 to $62,623,729 in 1890 and to $137,172,561 in 1900.

There is trouble brewing between the Allied Metal Mechanics and the International Brotherhood of Blacksmiths. The former want to claim jurisdiction over the blacksmiths' helpers, but the brotherhood officials refuse to look at the matter in that light.

Secretary Bramwood of the International Typographical Union, paid per capita tax on 42,144 members to the American Federation of Labor for the month of May this year. This is the largest number of members the organization has had since its foundation 50 years ago.

A feature of the new scale signed by the Republic Iron and Steel company of Pittsburg, which has not as yet gained prominence, is that the company agreed to establish an eight-hour day in its mills wherever practicable. The officials of the Amalgamated association recognize this as a victory.

R. H. Alley of Seattle, Wash., has returned from Australia, where he says he secured $1,500,000 capital to erect and operate a woolen mill in Seattle. The wool growers of Australia and New Zealand are interested in having a market for their product in the rapidly developing northwest. Plans include a regular line of steamships between Seattle and Australia.

An agitation for a labor temple in Chicago was launched at the last meeting of the Chicago Federation of Labor. Chicago has nearly 500 unions. Excepting the Bricklayers and Stone Masons' Union, all rent halls for their meetings and headquarters for the officials. It is estimated that a quarter of a million dollars is paid out annually in Chicago for hall rents and meeting places.

The recent convention of the International Brotherhood of Bookbinders decided to submit to referendum vote of the members a proposition for the payment of a death benefit. It also appointed a committee on a bookbinders' "home," patterned after the Printers' home at Colorado Springs. Already $20,000 has been subscribed for the project. It is likely the institution will be situated at Colorado Springs. E. W. Tatum was re-elected international president.

Smile that Saved a Life.

Some time ago a delicate though artistic girl of Naples, Ida Rizzi by name, saw a photograph of Queen Helena in which her majesty was represented in a thoughtful mood. Straightway she conceived the idea of painting a portrait of her sovereign and of beautifying it with a smile, which was wholly lacking in the photograph.

This she did, and when her work was finished she sent it to the queen, with these words: "May her majesty smile in this manner all her life."

A few days later the child became seriously ill and the physicians decided to perform an operation on her. Meanwhile the queen had learned who had sent the painting, and the result was that a few hours before the fixed time for the operation Dr. Quirico, the court physician, entered Ida Rizzi's home with instructions from the Queen to take the best possible care of her. Soon after him came the Countess Guicciardini, one of the Queen's ladies in waiting, with a large box full of beautiful presents, among them being boxes of choice paints, brushes, engravings, a jeweled brooch and a fine portrait of little Princess Yolande, below which were written some kindly words by the queen herself.

An Efficient Officer.

A man who was "wanted" in Russia had been photographed in six different positions and the pictures were duly circulated among the police departments. The chief of one of these wrote to headquarters a few days after the issue of the set of portraits and stated: "Sir, I have duly received the portrait of the six miscreants whose capture is desired. I have arrested five of them and the sixth is under observation and will be secured shortly."

Ever remark how people admire a polite, sensible, well-behaved, industrious boy? Why not be that kind, boys? Boys never lack appreciation when they behave themselves. And it is easier to behave than it is to act the fool.

Pains in the Back

Are symptoms of a weak, torpid or stagnant condition of the kidneys or liver, and are a warning it is extremely hazardous to neglect, so important is a healthy action of these organs.

They are commonly attended by loss of energy, lack of courage, and sometimes by gloomy foreboding and despondency.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Cures kidney and liver troubles, relieves the back and builds up the whole system.

HOW TO DRIVE AWAY MELON BUGS.

It is only within a few years past that I learned how to protect melon plants from the little striped beetles that do so much damage while the plants are small. Turpentine will drive them away, but it will kill the plants if it touches them. My plan is to mix an ounce or so of turpentine in a gallon of ashes, and, after stirring it thoroughly, to drop about a tablespoonful on each melon hill. None of these bugs will light near it, and those that are near it will take wings and fly away.—Professor Van Deman.

It Cures While You Walk.

Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight and new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and swollen, tired, hot, aching feet. Try it to-day. At all Druggists, 25c Trial package mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, New York.

A good way to take the unmanly actions of some men is to consider where they came from.

Mamma Eats a Cascaret.

Baby gets the benefit. Nursing mothers make their milk mildly purgative with Cascarets, the only safe laxative for babies. All druggists, 10c, 25c, 50c.

You do yourself a great wrong if you do not read both sides of all questions.

ADAMS' SARSAPARILLA PILLS

Are purely vegetable and chocolate coated. They cure constipation, biliousness, sick headache, dyspepsia, etc. 10c, 25c box. Sold by all druggists.

And now look out for a lot of five-cent Tracy novels. Nick Carter must take a back seat.

The Belgian King has decided to send several expeditions into the Congo Free State in South Africa in order to ascertain its mineral wealth and has through his representative here on the coast asked the well-known mining engineer, A. Van der Naillen, Jr., of San Francisco, to recommend four mining engineers at a salary of $6000 to $8000 a year, including all expenses. California mining engineers have always been in demand in new countries on account of their practical ability.

Can you remember what a wonderful attraction a few fish in a pond had for you when you were a lad?

Piso's Cure is the best medicine we ever used for all affections of the throat and lungs.—Wm. O. Endsley, Vanburen, Ind., Feb. 10, 1900.

One of the beauties of being a newspaper man is to imagine news when there is none going on.

All first-class dealers sell Gilt Edge Whiskey because of its purity and excellence, and those that have tried it will use no other. Wichman, Lutgen & Co., San Francisco, Cal., sole proprietors.

The more wisdom a head contains the more it is impressed with the littleness of man. Only fools think themselves mighty.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

The best appetizer for breakfast is a little outdoor work before breakfast.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $2 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

There is nothing to be gained by the tobacco habit, and there are many dollars to be lost.

Mem. for Good Health.

Today drink some "Castlewood" Bourbon, or Rye Whiskey. Highest grade Kentucky goods. Cartan, McCarthy & Co., sole distributors, San Francisco.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox is a great judge of human nature, and it will benefit you to read all she writes. There is common sense in every line she pens.

Every one who uses Hamlin's Wizard Oil to cure pain is never again without a bottle of it.

Spruance, Stanley & Co., San Francisco, will supply you with Sun Flower Whiskey. Choice.

Every boy should read the life of Abraham Lincoln; especially ambitious boys who are in poverty.

Gray Hair

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for over thirty years. It has kept my scalp free from dandruff and has prevented my hair from turning gray."—Mrs. F. A. Soule, Billings, Mont.

There is this peculiar thing about Ayer's Hair Vigor—it is a hair food, not a dye. Your hair does not suddenly turn black, look dead and lifeless. But gradually the old color comes back,—all the rich, dark color it used to have. The hair stops falling, too.

$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send us one dollar and we will express you a bottle. Be sure and give the name of your nearest express office. Address, J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

TRUMPET CALLS.

Ram's Horn Sounds a Warning Note to the Unredeemed.

THERE is no use of saying "get thee behind me, Satan," while you hold him fast in front.

The salvation of one world depends upon the servants of another.

When the world puts you on a cross it places you nearer Christ.

Character is too great a price to pay for anything else in the world.

A little knowledge is only dangerous when one is contented with it.

The clock of Christian character needs daily adjustment from heaven.

He knows not Christ who thinks of giving Him a second place in the life.

It is an easy thing to fill the church, but quite another to fill the congregation.

The Kingdom of Heaven cannot be enriched by the plundered goods of the poor.

The winds that blow all chaff from the Christian blow all character from the hypocrite.

The descent of the flesh to the dust is accompanied by the ascent of the spirit of the divine.

It is easy to find a man who can keep accounts, but hard to find one who can keep his own conscience.

It is a delusion of the devil that the Holy Spirit can get around to the churches only once a year.

MORE WORK FOR SCIENTISTS.

Sawdust Deodorized and Water for the Elephant Must Be Filtered.

The old-timer drew his chair a little closer to the editor's desk. His eyes assumed a dreamy expression and he wrinkled his nose in a thoughtful way.

"That's about right," he said; "we're all gettin' a little too fussy, I expect. Too many folderols and frills. Things ain't what they used to be—plain an' simple an' unassumin'. Why, say, just stop a minute an' look at the circus of to-day for a sort of example."

"Too many rings, eh?" suggested the editor.

"Not alone rings," said the old-timer, "but too much of lots of other things. Maybe you don't know it, but they tell me every blamed big circus nowadays carries along its own special scientist. Fact. Fellow out of some college, you know, with a lot of letters after his name."

"What sort of an act does he do?" inquired the editor.

"He don't do any act," said the old-timer, according to a writer in the Cleveland Plain Dealer. "Leastways not any act that the public is aware of. He's just busy with his microscopes an' his chemicals outside in his little laboratory. They tell me that every ounce of sawdust that's used in the show now has to be deodorized. That's right. They're so plaguey afraid of the sawbug germ, you know. Of course all the red lemonade is sterilized, and the red in it is neutralized by evaporation under high pressure, or somethin'. Then the air inside the big tent is changed three times during each performance by formaldehyded suction pumps, and the outside is showered mornin' an' evenin' with four parts of water to one of muriatic acid, or somethin'. Every purchaser of a ticket buys it with the express understandin' that he has been vaccinated recently, an' all the change the ticket sellers give back is fumigated with the mercury at 212. Yes, an' they say you never saw such care as there is taken with them animals! They've got so they all stick out their tongues to be antisepticated when the professor moves by—all 'cept the ant eater, an' he only runs his out by special request, 'cause there's so much of it. Of course there's an awful lot of water to filter, and them elephants have got so knowin' that they can tell the difference in a moment if the boys try to run in a cheap filter on 'em. An' the professor is kept pretty busy, too, huntin' up new diseases for the animals. Why, up in Skowhaven, I think it was, they tell me he hung a red card on the monkey's cage marked 'Apependersightis Within,' and then kept the monkeys in quarantine for two weeks. And over at Oshwebosh, if I ain't mistaken—"

"I guess that will be enough for the present," said the editor. "Anyway, I've got about as much as I can safely carry. Good-day."

Population of the World.

The total population of the earth is estimated at over 1,500,000,000. The distribution is thus proportioned: Europe, 372,925,000, or 99.66 per square mile; Asia, 830,558,000, or 48.57 per square mile; Africa, 170,050,000, or 14.77 per square mile; America, 132,718,000, or 8.96 per square mile; Polynesia, 6,000,000, or 1.73 per square mile; Polar regions, 82,000, or .05 per square mile; total, 1,512,333,000, or an average of 28.89 per square mile.

Knew the Material.

He cut into the pie hopefully, and gave his wife a look of commendation for the excellence of the crust. Then his knife struck something impenetrable.

"What's in this, dear?"

"It's duck," she said, anxiously.

"Ah," he murmured, "I wondered why I could not find them yesterday when I wanted to play tennis."

Truth is mighty enough to become more prevalent than it is.

THE NEW WOMAN.

Mrs. Emma Mitchell, 520 Louisiana street, Indianapolis, Ind., writes:

"For the past five years I have rarely been without pain, but Peruna has changed all this, and in a very short time. I think I had taken only two bottles before I began to recuperate very quickly, and seven bottles made me well. I do not have headache or backache any more, and have some interest in life."—Emma Mitchell.

The coming of what is known as the "new woman" in our country is not greeted by every one as if she were a great blessing. But there is another new woman whom everybody is glad to see. Every day some invalid woman is exclaiming, "I have been made a new woman by Dr. Hartman's home treatment." It is only necessary to send name, address, symptoms, duration of sickness and treatment already received to Dr. Hartman, Columbus, Ohio, and directions for one month's treatment will be promptly forwarded.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case, and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O.

NOT TOO YOUNG NOR TOO OLD.

Of course, the best profit in eggs and in chickens is when prices are up. This is not apt to be in midsummer. But this does not mean that farmers should utterly neglect their hens in summer. We do not forget that it is in the busy season that time is money. It is more a matter of a little careful thought, a looking ahead, than of devoting a large amount of time.

Here are two ground principles that every experienced poultryman would stand by. One is that, given the fact that the profit is from winter eggs, you must so manage your flock of hens as to have mature, strong, healthy birds. They must not be immature.

Then it follows that you must plan to have pullets early enough so that they will complete their growth before winter begins. But the second principle is equally important; you cannot expect the best results from old hens, such as have really passed their usefulness. Here is a golden mean as to age and condition for passing the winter well and bringing the best profit. Here is a basis for poultry operations without which care as to food or method of feeding or even attention to housing will not bring the results. On the other hand, after a little thought and care on these two points, with the right sort of breeds for layers, most farmers can easily meet the other conditions for making egg production a paying business.

Cancerous Sores

are most frequently to be seen upon the face, neck or breast, though they are liable to appear upon other parts of the body. When they begin to spread and eat into the flesh, sharp, piercing pains are felt as the underlying tissue is destroyed and the tender nerves exposed. Cancerous sores develop from very trifling causes; a carbuncle or boil, swollen gland, a little watery blister on the tongue or lip, a wart, mole or bruise of some kind becomes an indolent, festering sore, which in time degenerates into cancer.

"Ten years ago I had a sore on my left temple, which the doctors pronounced a cancerous ulcer; it would itch, burn and bleed, then scab over, but would never heal. After taking S. S. S. awhile the sore began to discharge, and when all the poisonous matter had passed out it got well. I took in all about thirty bottles, continuing it for some time after the sore had healed, to be sure all the poison was out of my system. Have seen no sign of the cancer in ten years. JOSEPHUS REID, Gant, Audrian Co., Mo.

SSS is strictly a vegetable remedy, and, while possessing purifying and healing properties that no other medicine does, contains nothing that could derange the system. While cleansing the blood it also builds up the general health.

If you have a suspicious sore, or other blood trouble, send for our free book on Blood and Skin Diseases, and write to us for any information or advice wanted; we make no charge for this service.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

The Sun Is a Faithful Servant.

Man's most faithful and tireless servant is the sun. Although there has been much talk of late years of harnessing this "glorious orb," the fact is it has been in harness and diligently at work from the creation of the world down to the present time. But the genius of man is destined to bring about still greater results than are now apparent. Several more or less practical plans of utilizing the sun's rays have been invented, but none so perfect, so full of promise as the great sun motor now engaged in storing up the sun's heat at the well-known Pasadena ostrich farm in California. By the sun's heat water is boiled, the steam working a powerful engine capable of pumping some 1,400 gallons of water in a minute.

From the distance the California sun motor looks like a huge open umbrella inverted and with a piece sawn off its top. It is balanced on a high steel framework and is set at such an angle that it will catch the sunbeams on its 1,788 mirrors. Each of these mirrors measures two feet in length and three inches across and reflects the sunshine on to a long cylinder, corresponding to the handle of the umbrella, which holds about 100 gallons of water. The boiler is made of steel, covered with a heat-absorbing material.

The hot, persistent California sun that shines almost every day in the year when reflected from the mirrors on the boiler causes such heat that it is possible to obtain 150 pounds of steam pressure in one hour from cold water. When the machine is made ready for work—a task for a boy, who has merely to turn a crank until the indicator shows that the sun is truly focused on the mirrors—it will move around so that its face is kept turned to the sun all day without further manipulation under the force of an automatic engine. The boiler is automatically supplied with water, a safety valve releasing the steam if the pressure should become too great.

All day every day from an hour after sunrise to a half hour before sundown this tireless heat concentrator keeps its shining face turned to the sun, storing up an energy which may be put to almost any use. It works under the powerful California sun as well in winter as in summer.

A FUNERAL PYRE.

Misers' Hoard Disappeared in Fire Kindled by His Heirs.

Misers are notorious for their odd wills and strange secretion of property. In "The Story of My Life" an interesting incident is told of hidden valuables and their fate. Mr. and Mrs. Close, at Nottingham, England, were reputed very rich and great misers. After their death the heirs, a nephew and his wife, came to the house and ransacked it for the money and diamonds which their deceased relatives were suposed to have secreted there.

Cupboards and drawers were searched in vain. Nothing particular was found. At last, in the attic, a great trunk was discovered. "Here it is!" they said, But when the trunk was opened the upper part was found to be full of nothing but hair-combings, as if all the waste from hair-brushes had been saved for years. Below these was a lot of very much soiled old curl-papers; and under them, again, were several pairs of old and very much worn corsets.

"What a mess!" said young Mrs. Close, in disgust. "We'll have it burned. What creatures our relatives must have been!"

The trunk was taken down into the courtyard, a huge bonfire made, and the trunk upset in it. As it was burning the woman stood by with a stick, poking the rubbish. Accidentally she poked open one of the curl-papers. It was a fifty-pound note!

In agony she pulled and poked at the fire, but it was too late; most of the notes were burned. She saved only about eight hundred pounds.

Naturally her husband was angry and unjust. Every time he saw the burned heap in the courtyard he burst forth afresh. So his wife sent for the ashman and had the debris removed.

Still the diamonds had not been found. Finally an old charwoman who had worked in the house was found in the almshouse. She was asked if she knew anything about the diamonds; if there were any, and where they were kept.

"Oh, yes," she said, "there were diamonds very fine ones; but small good they ever did old Mrs. Close for she always kept them sewn up and hidden away in her old stays."

All the stays had been burned in the fire. The diamonds might not have been destroyed but the ashman had removed every vestige of the ashes. Not a trace of them could be found.

Monotony.

"You ought to have a change of scene," said the physician.

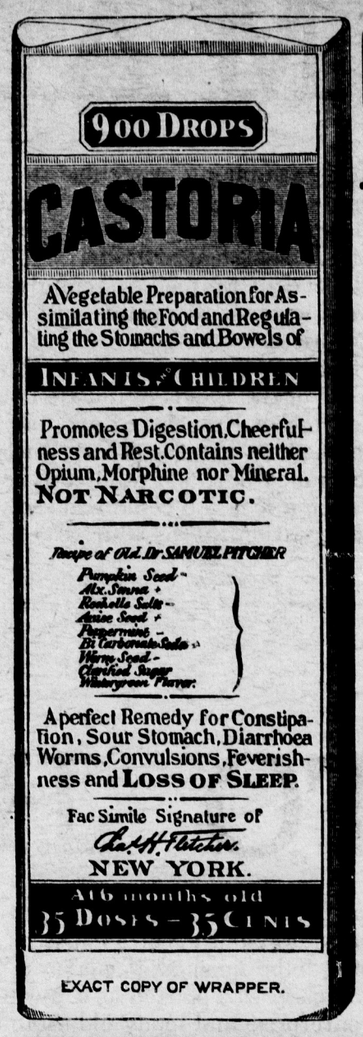
"But, my dear sir," protested the patient, "I am a traveling man by profession."

"Well, that's the point. Stay home awhile and see something besides hotel rooms and depots."—Washington Star.

Much Study of Consumption.

Within the last ten years more new methods have been devised for dealing with consumption than any other human ailment.

Some artists couldn't draw a salary without the aid of tracing-paper.



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VALUE OF A CREAMERY.

A good commentary on the value of a creamery to a community is found in the statement that land values are constantly rising, while in the East, where there are few creameries, values are going down.

It is also worthy of notice that since the creamery was started at this place it has paid out to patrons over half a million dollars.

Today the best dairy butter brings 19 cents, while creamery butter is 22 cents, a difference in favor of the creamery of $940 on last month's milk, and the creamery makes much more butter from the same milk.

Don't lose interest in your creamery nor let the quality of the herd run down.—Hanska, Minn., Herald.

KEEP YOUR SADDLE DRY!

THE ORIGINAL TOWER'S FISH BRAND POMMEL SLICKER

BLACK OR YELLOW

PROTECTS BOTH RIDER AND SADDLE IN THE HARDEST STORM

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Gasoline Engines AT A BARGAIN!

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Ghosts in our minds make poor companions. The man haunted by phantoms of his own misdeeds does not enjoy true serenity. Be you cautious of your acts, young friend, just starting out.

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WRITE FOR CATALOGUE.

Say pleasant things about people in a pleasant way and you will find more happiness in so doing than to say hateful things in a hateful way.

Some men who try to run a whole town should be compelled to live by themselves on an island like Robinson Crusoe.

One of the latest education fads is to teach girls how to plow. They have farming schools in New York where girls are taught to be regular farmers.

Exercise is the best anti-fat, and sleep the best flesh producer.

BEST FOR THE BOWELS

If you haven't a regular, healthy movement of the bowels every day, you're sick, or will be. Keep your bowels open, and be well. Force, in the shape of violent physic or pill poison, is dangerous. The smoothest, easiest, most perfect way of keeping the bowels clear and clean is to take

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Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sicken, Weaken, or Gripe, 10c, 25c, 50c. Write for free sample, and booklet on health. Address Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York. 326

KEEP YOUR BLOOD CLEAN

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24 Post Street, San Francisco, Cal.

The Leading Business Training School of the West, Prepares Young Men and Women for Business Careers.

19,000	Graduates now successfully applying their knowledge.	19,000
3,800	Stenographers have been trained at Heald's.	3,800
1,863	Heald's Business College established in 1863.	1,863
1,000	Annual enrollment	1,000
600	The college has over 600 calls annually for graduates.	600
500	Average daily attendance.	500
70	Typewriting machines in the Typing Department.	70
53	Counties in California represented last year.	53
40	Heald's Business College is nearly 40 years old.	40
30	Teachers employed in the school.	30
18	States and Territories sent students to the college last year.	18
9	Foreign countries were represented in the student body last year.	9
3	There are three banks in the Business Practice Department.	3

School is open the entire year, day and night. Write for Illustrated Catalogue—Free.

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Who desire a location combining every feature conducive to prosperity, sufficiently near to San Francisco to enjoy all the privilèges of a site in the metropolis, and yet sufficiently remote to escape the heavy taxation and other burdens incident to the city.

Where a ship canal enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

Where large ferry boats enter the large ferry slip now in use, and land passengers, freight and whole trains of cars.

Where an independent railroad system gives ample switching privileges to every industry.

Where a private water-works plant, with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district, supplies an abundance of pure artesian water at rates far below city prices.

Where some of the largest industries in the State are today located and in full operation.

Where hundreds of thousands of dollars have already been spent in perfecting the locality for manufacturing purposes.

Where the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company own **THIRTY-FOUR HUNDRED** acres of land and **Seven Miles of Water Front** on the San Francisco Bay, and on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

Where, in fact, rail, wharf and other privileges are unexcelled for manufacturing purposes by any other locality on the coast.

If you desire such a location come and see what we have in South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

For further information call or address

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROVEMENT CO.

202 SANSOME ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

TO HOME-SEEKERS

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, comprising many San Francisco, Chicago and New York capitalists, created in San Mateo county a new town site known as South San Francisco. This town site is situated on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and also on the Southern Pacific Bay Shore Railroad, soon to be finished; it is also at the terminus of the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway.

South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of nearly **FIFTEEN HUNDRED PEOPLE.**

An extensive and fine residence district, where workingmen may secure land at reasonable prices, and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

Upwards of $2,000,000 in cash have been expended in laying the foundation of this new town. Most of the streets have been graded, curbed and sewered, miles of concrete sidewalk laid, trees planted along the main highways, and a water-works plant completed, giving an abundant supply of pure artesian water for every purpose. But the foundation laid in what is known as the manufacturing district of this town site constitutes above all others the most positive guarantee for the future of South San Francisco

There is no stability nor permanency so absolute respecting real estate values, and the future growth of any community like that which is based upon industries giving employment to men. The facilities created by the founders of South San Francisco have already secured to her several large manufacturing enterprises, and will soon secure many more; this means not only an increase in population, but an enhancement in real estate values.

South San Francisco has passed the experimental stage, and is now an established town. Many of her lot owners who have properly improved their holdings are even to-day realizing from ten to twenty per cent net on their investments. How many communities as new as South San Francisco can make this boast?

An independent community in itself, with its own supporting elements, and at the same time close to the metropolis of California, and in the direction in which San Francisco must necessarily grow, already reached by some of the city's street car service, and certain to be on the line of any new railroad entering San Francisco, South San Francisco presents to-day opportunities for investment among the safest and best on the Pacific Coast.

Detail information cheerfully furnished. Address

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